March 19, 1917 $1.00 a Year

Every Week

3¢

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Why Not Turn Nerve Exhaustion Into Healthy Vim and Vigor

With a perfect nervous system men and women might go on indefinitely, for the power of resistance lies not alone in the muscles, but also in the nerves.

Unfortunately, however, Nature failed to provide for the abnormal strain of modern business and social life and the nerve cells soon give way. Then the whole system is affected for the nerves play a most important part in the proper functions of the heart, brain, stomach, lungs and other organs of the body. When the nerves are damaged, the digestive organs are impaired; the blood is impoverished; insomnia comes on apace and a general nervous break-down follows.

A Combined Nerve and Tissue Food is Needed

Men and women in all walks of active life who feel run, nervous, irritable, from no apparent cause—need a mild tonic and sedative that will soothe and strengthen the shattered nerves, aid the digestion and build up the wasted tissues. Narcotics are not only of no value in such cases, but are positively dangerous. They make an over-draft on nerve energy and continually demand increased doses which endanger the action of the heart.

Pabst Extract is an Ideal Remedy for Nervousness

It is a perfect tonic and nerve food, made from choicest hops and barley malt, fortified with calcium hypophosphite and iron pyrophosphate. The lupulin of hops has a soothing effect on the nerves. It quiets and strengthens them, and insures quiet, peaceful sleep which is so essential in overcoming nervousness. Hops also have an excellent tonic value and stimulate the digestive fluids. This prepares the way for the proper reception of tissue nourishment which is furnished by the rich extract of barley malt. Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, tones up and invigorates all the vital forces. Gives bodily vigor and strengthens the mental power. It is not only effective in cases of extreme nervousness, but is also recommended for dyspepsia, insomnia, overwork, anaemia, old age, motherhood and for convalescence.

Any Druggist Will Supply You

Order a Dozen Bottles Today

And be sure to specify Pabst Extract—The "Best" Tonic. Give it a fair trial. Take a wineglassful before each meal and at bedtime—do this for two or three weeks and you will be more than pleased with the results obtained.

Write for free booklet explaining all the uses and benefits of Pabst Extract.

PABST EXTRACT CO., *Milwaukee*

For the "One Woman" Top

DU PONT FABRIKOID

RAYNTITE

Single Texture Top Material

RAYNTITE is more than the ideal one-man top material. It is also ideal for the "one-woman" top.

All far-sighted automobile manufacturers recognize the growing importance of the woman in the choice of cars.

Witness the increase in the use of colored bodies, graceful designs, ornamental interiors of closed cars, and mirrorish finish Fabrikoid for upholstery.

A Rayntite top is light enough for the average woman to handle, yet guaranteed not to leak for one year, and built to last as long as the car.

Trade Authority Tells of Trend

From the show number of *The Automobile* of January 4, 1917, we clipped the following:

long in earning.

Two Are Lighter

Tops are tending to be lighter. The old-fashioned top consisted of two layers of material, each being thick and massive. Now there are many cars with only one thickness of material, just as waterproof, less attractive to dust, and a good third lighter.

Why make your car top heavy, and the "one-man" top a joke, by using material twice as heavy as it needs to be?

Now Made in Two Varieties

RAYNTITE No. 1—Single texture with Fabrikoid surface and RAYNTITE No. 2—Single texture with Fairfield Rubber surface

Each is guaranteed one year against leakage

If the car you are considering is not topped with Rayntite, find out whether you or your wife can easily handle the one-man top.

Samples of either variety on request

DU PONT FABRIKOID COMPANY
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

Works at Newburgh, N. Y., and Fairfield, Conn.
Canadian Sales Office and Factory, Toronto

Generally Speaking, a Job Is Good in Proportion to the Amount of Study Required to Master It

YESTERDAY morning, when I rode up in the elevator, the starter was breaking in a new elevator-boy.

At noon, when I went out to lunch, the new boy was running the car alone. He had on a uniform, and was starting and stopping with the confidence of a veteran.

From apprentice to professional in a couple of hours.

Last week I saw a veteran motorman breaking in a youngster. On Tuesday and Wednesday the two were on the front platform together: on Thursday the new man was operating the car alone.

It is a sight I have seen very often: yet I never see it without a feeling of wonder.

What thoughts are in that young fellow's head as he receives his instructions from the gray-haired veteran?

How can he fail to look forward and see in the older man a picture of himself twenty years from now?

He is taking up a low paid job—a job with no future. Twenty years from now he will be just where he is to-day—only older, with a grasp on the job somewhat less secure. His experience will count for nothing, because it is experience that any other man can gain in a couple of days.

He may, by walking out on strike, force an increase in his pay of a few cents a week. But the increase will not be large. Why?

Because he learned the job in two days. And in any other two days the company can get plenty of men who will learn just as fast and take the job away from him.

On the same day I met in a hotel restaurant a friend of mine who has just come back from England after taking special work in surgery under some of the greatest men in the world.

He is thirty-one years old: it is fourteen years since he entered college.

For ten of those fourteen years he has been in medical schools, in hospitals, and in foreign countries studying.

The rest of us—his class-mates—have been in business ten years. He has in all that time never been able entirely to support himself. Always his education was costing him a little more than he earned.

Yet with what result?

He has acquired a specialized training such as only a few other men in New York possess.

He will begin his life with an income of several thousands: he will pay back his educational debts in a couple of years: in ten years his income will be tens of thousands.

It took him fourteen years to master his profession. But he need have no fear of losing what he has gained. *No other man can displace him, except at the cost of fourteen years of work.*

I have nothing but sympathy for the old man who finds himself condemned for the rest of his life to a no-account job. But I find it hard to be patient when I see young men blithely dancing into jobs with no future, simply because they are too lazy to fit themselves by study for jobs worth while.

Every young man in the United States ought to read the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.

See with what painful diligence he taught himself to write good English. Watch him, at fourteen, attacking again the arithmetic that he had three times failed to pass in school, and conquering it.

See Michelangelo, old and blind, still being wheeled into the great galleries, that he might with his fingers trace the outlines of the statuary—still true to his life's motto: *Ancora impara*—"Still learning."

"The gods sell anything to everybody at a fair price," said Emerson.

And when he said it he epitomized the philosophy of Business.

The job that the gods sell for two hours' training is worth just what it costs.

Only that job is worth while which has tied to it the price-tag of constant, unceasing study and work.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

Tremendous Fireless Cooker BARGAIN

Mail Coupon To-day

"I personally guarantee your money back if not satisfied."
Wm. Campbell, Pres.

SEND your name and address on the Bargain Coupon below—or by Post Card. This month I am making a special personal bargain price on my famous RAPID Fireless Cooker. This is the Biggest Bargain Price Offer I am making this season. No woman can get along without a fireless cooker today and keep house on a money-saving basis. This fact is demonstrated in the schools by Domestic Science teachers. It is found true in hundreds of thousands of homes where meals are regularly prepared in fireless cookers. It is urged in special articles in the leading magazines and newspapers. The gas companies are down on fireless cookers. Why? Because of the enormous saving in gas consumption. The growers and butchers keep quiet about fireless cooking. Why? Because the folks who cook by fireless don't have to buy expensive cuts of meat and costly fowl.

My Bargain Price Saves ⅓ to ½ If You Order Now

No other cooker has won more fame than the RAPID. No other cooker is more favorably known throughout America and Europe or more strongly recommended from housewife to housewife. Low factory price and perfect cooking results make people choose the RAPID—100,000 are in use today. Why pay more than the factory price? You can't add a single improvement to the RAPID that will make it do better work. And on top of the regular low direct factory price I am having this month this Bargain Sale to give you a chance to get your cooker at a price lower than you expected to pay. I can save you enough money on your cooker to make it an object for you to write me today. And I offer you the most standard, most built, durable cooker possible to buy. This is the tenth season the RAPID has demonstrated its great usefulness and economy in the American home. Don't fail to write today for my Special Bargain Price and save ⅓ to ½ regular price.

The RAPID Fireless Cooker is scientifically made of aluminum and steel, absolutely fireproof. One RAPID without any family cooking—and constantly in use, three meals a day. There is nothing about it to rust, warp or wear out. It is steam-proof and fool-proof. There are no hinges, screws, locks or patented contraptions. The RAPID is the simplest cooker as well as the most practical to make. Splendidly equipped with extra large cooking outfit of the well-known "WEAR-EVER" Aluminum cooking utensils made to our order without seams or joints so as to be the easiest cleaned utensils the housewife can have. Also a special cake and pie rack—all free—nothing extra to buy. Heavy Aluminum sheets form the lining of all cooking compartments and covers, pure aluminum which cannot rust or corrode. Aluminum transmits the heat from the bottom of the utensil up the sides and over the top so that the greatest amount of cooking heat is conserved from all sides—hence the extra speed in cooking with a RAPID.

The Rapid FIRELESS COOKER

Special Bargain Sale This Month

Every part of the interior of my RAPID Fireless Cooker is made of pure aluminum—the famous "Wear-Ever" brand.

Delivered Direct From Factory On My Strict Money Back Offer—

30 Days' FREE TRIAL

For your home in the country, farm or camp, the RAPID Fireless Cooker is the most logical and economy cook stove. A camp fire to heat the cooking-box and the RAPID stove will cook a big dinner perfectly—cook it while you are gone motoring, picking or golfing.

Get This 1917 FREE Home Science Book

Learn how to bake—and brown—meats, vegetables, desserts—everything a crisp, delicious brown "by Fireless." How to fry, boil, stew, roast—all inside the cooker—one operation. Odors and heat cannot escape. The kitchen keeps sweet and cool in summer. The RAPID is sanitary, compact, convenient—special casters to roll under table out of way. This book shows letters of scores of customers telling how the RAPID has cut their gas bills down 50%. It takes 4 hours to boil ham—only 30 minutes with the RAPID. 3 hours to roast beef—only 15 minutes with the RAPID. No watching or care. Food cannot burn, spoil or waste. A boon to preserving time, and such an improvement in taste of all preserves. Gives more time and leisure to every woman—freedom from the hot kitchen work that undermines health and temper.

Save ¼ Your Meat and Grocery Bills

Fill out and mail the BARGAIN COUPON. Let me send this wonderful book with 100 money-saving recipes. Every woman needs it and my special sale price. This book has full page photographs of cooking by Fireless. Tells how to put up your supply of fruits and vegetables for next season for 3 or 4 cents a can instead of paying the grocer 10 to 35 cents. How to cut gas burning from hours to minutes. If after 30 days' home trial you don't wish to keep the RAPID, it takes a look, pay freight going and coming and refund your money without argument.

Mail This Bargain Coupon

Wm. Campbell, Pres., Wm. Campbell Co.
174 Addison Street, Detroit, Mich.

Send me at once your special bargain Factory Price on the RAPID Fireless Cooker. Also send without charge and postpaid, your Home Science and Recipe Book. I am under no obligation to buy a cooker—simply want the Bargain Price and Free Home Science Book.

Name .....

Address ..... Town ..... State .....

Use this coupon or send a Post Card at once—WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO., 174 Addison Street, Detroit, Michigan

THROWING OFF THE BOOZE-CONSTRICTOR

Drawn by
James Montgomery Flagg

YOU have seen the statue of Laocoon and his two sons, struggling in the toils of the serpents. The serpents did for Laocoon. But the serpent that Prohibitionists have so long pictured as threatening the life of civilization is finally losing its hold. The most destructive war that the world has ever known has brought with it a blessing in the world-wide defeat of alcohol.

At the beginning of the war, Russia—where forty per cent. of the school-children drank regularly, where at least a hundred drunkards were arrested daily in the streets of Petrograd alone, where the government derived an income of $400,000,000 from the sale of vodka—Russia cut off the sale of vodka in forty-eight hours. Formerly, at every wedding peasants drank 100 rubles' worth of vodka; now they are content with a feast of lamb costing only a trifle. Liquor-drugged men can not stand in battle against men with clear brains. Even backward Russia was quick to recognize that.

The liquor problem in France arose only fifty years ago with the discovery of absinthe. To-day the manufacture of absinthe is forbidden; tea is taking its place, one canteen serving 25,000 cups a day.

The United States has not needed a war to speed the prohibition reform. Half of the country that our ancestors pledged so vigorously in Jamaica rum is already under prohibition laws; 60,000,000 people can not buy alcohol without a doctor's prescription. Congress has appropriated $5,500,000 for recreation depots at army posts as substitutes for the canteen. And the Anti-Saloon League has a membership of millions of men and women.

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WILL THE UNITED STATES GO DRY?

By BURTON J. HENDRICK

THERE are many people living in Kansas City who still recall the glimpses that they used to obtain, about twenty-five years ago, of a somewhat gaunt and agitated figure who was a familiar sight on the most crowded streets. This figure would pass along, part of the time absorbed in his own thoughts, part of it giving outward manifestations of the zeal that possessed his soul. His daily path compelled him to pass many of the city's largest breweries. "O God!" he would murmur, as he raised his hands heavenward and glanced shudderingly at these huge buildings—"O God! Will You not stop this accursed thing!"

The "accursed thing" that absorbed all the emotional energies of the Rev. Howard H. Russell was, of course, the liquor traffic, then definitely established in the height of its glory, and particularly powerful in Kansas City, Missouri.

Most people regarded Russell as one of the wildest cranks west of the Mississippi River. His soul was on fire with apparently only one idea—the destruction of the saloon. He constantly thundered against it from his pulpit; he spent a considerable part of his time pursuing it in the law courts; and he was continually organizing all the good people of the town into "leagues" and "unions" for demolishing alcohol.

Few of the people who found Russell an entertaining object of ridicule knew his history. Yet that history explained his Peter-the-Hermit attitude toward the saloon. In his youth he had barely escaped becoming a drunkard; his brother had actually become one.

"A Man Sent from God Whose Name Was Russell"

RUSSELL had a variegated career as frontiersman, government clerk, newspaper reporter, and lawyer, until he finally entered the Congregational ministry by way of Oberlin, Ohio, and settled down to a lifelong struggle with whisky and beer. From the day Mr. Russell started this crusade, he always regarded himself as divinely appointed to the task. His inspiration came from one source—the Almighty. His method of destroying the monster he always referred to as "God's plan"; and the ultimate realization of his work he invariably described as a "Patmos vision." "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John,'" —a clergyman once introduced Russell in these words,—"and it is equally true that there was a man sent from God whose name was Russell."

The world has had thousands of cranks in the last few hundred years, filled with all of Mr. Russell's zeal and industry; yet the shabby figure of a quarter century ago is rapidly becoming a historic character. Out of our many thousands of cranks, here and there one survives simply because he delivers the goods. That is what the Rev. Howard H. Russell is now doing.

Last fall, Kansas City, the scene of his stormy pastorate in the eighties and nineties, voted for State-wide prohibition; only the pertinacity of St. Louis kept Missouri in the wet column. The triumphs of prohibition in other sections were almost overwhelming. Four new States, Nebraska, Montana, North Dakota, and Michigan, and one Territory, Alaska, outlawed the saloon. Imagine a frontier and mining country, like Alaska, declaring by an overwhelming majority against rum! In two other States, Utah and Florida, the people elected governors and legislatures on the straight prohibition issue, which means that these communities will adopt prohibition this winter. Here is, therefore, a gain of six States and one Territory at a single election!

Are the Cities Forced into Prohibition?

BUT the popular enthusiasm for this cause was evidenced in even more remarkable ways. The swinging of certain large cities, some of them celebrated as blue-law towns, was the most sensational development. Writers on this subject a few years ago used to emphasize the fact that prohibition was exclusively a rural question; that the cities would never, of their own accord, adopt any such puritanical absurdity. But glance at the results of November elections.

Detroit, one of the largest industrial communities in the country, voted against the saloon. In 1914 certain States, as Colorado, Oregon, and Washington, went dry against the violent protests of their largest cities. This was generally accepted as a clear case of hayseedism forcing its narrow conceptions upon enlightened urban communities. Last fall the same issue, in different forms, came up in these same States again. These hardened cities, therefore, had had two years' trial of a prohibitory law. Denver, which voted against prohibition in 1914, voted for it by a majority of 19,000 in 1916. Tacoma, which went wet by 2000 in 1914, went dry by 10,000 at the last election. Spokane voted wet by 1500 in 1914, and dry by 12,000 last fall.

Perhaps the most interesting case is that of Seattle. If open saloons are essential to the prosperity and happiness of any municipality, Seattle would seem to be that town. In 1914 it gave the wets a majority of 15,000, and raised a loud outcry when the overpowering rural vote made Seattle a saloonless community. After two years' experimentation, however, Seattle cordially accepted the new situation, giving prohibition last fall a majority of 20,000. Portland, Oregon, is another place that voted against the drys in 1914 and gave them a large majority two years later.

A few more facts will show the accelerated pace with which the anti-saloon movement is sweeping the nation. Up to the fall of 1914 the prohibition cause had been a matter of agitation for almost eighty-four years. In that time, as a monument to nearly a century's hard work, nine States had outlawed the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages. The greater part of these were located in the Southern States. In the fall of 1914, however, nine more States ascended the water-wagon—as many in one election as had permanently joined the procession in the preceding eighty years.

Now the cause ceased to be mainly confined to the South, where prohibition had been adopted as a means of controlling the negro, and swept over the great expanse lying west of the Mississippi. Arizona, Colorado, Oregon, Washington, Arkansas, Iowa, and Idaho were some of the communities that made the saloon illegal. Last fall, as has been said, six more States accepted the new doctrine. Thus, at the present moment, twenty-five States are virtually prohibition.

Prohibition the Next Presidential Issue

OTHERS, according to the professional workers in this field, are rapidly rushing toward the blue banner. Only the city of San Francisco kept California wet last fall—the wine-growing communities, which have always been regarded as safe against "fanaticism," actually voting for the cause that will destroy their home industries. New Mexico is at present swaying on the verge of the prohibitory law. The anti-saloon map discloses that eighty per cent. of our area is at present legally dry, and that sixty-three per cent. of our people—more than half—are living under some form of prohibition.

Moreover, the "cause" seems likely to capture one of the great political parties. Mr. Bryan, the most popular orator of the Democratic party, says that national prohibition will be the main issue in the presidential campaign of 1920. A comparison of the States carried by Mr. Wilson and those that are already prohibition or likely soon to become so, shows that they are almost identical. The South is not only solidly Democratic; it is also solidly anti-alcohol. The great trans-Mississippi unit that swept Mr. Wilson into the presidency again is likewise becoming almost totally dry. Only the popular Northern and Eastern States, which stood overwhelmingly for Hughes, also stand strongly against the onslaught of anti-saloonism. Thus, by sheer force of the popular vote, it seems inevitable that the Democratic party should likewise become the party of teetotalism. And this is the party that a celebrated clergyman thirty years ago denounced as the party of rum and—but I omit the other alliterations.

The Dream of a Saloonless Nation

CERTAINLY, if any organization has ever "reached in," it is the Anti-Saloon League organized by "Daddy" Russell in 1893. Whatever we may think of it, these energetic clergymen and "busybodies" have achieved success, according to their own ideas of success. But their work has only begun. It will be accomplished only when the amendment to the federal constitution prohibiting "the sale, manufacture for sale, transportation for sale, importation for sale, and exportation for sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes in the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof are forever prohibited."

"A saloonless nation by 1920"—the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers—is now the goal that absorbs all the energy of Mr. Russell, of his successor as National Superintendent, the Rev. Purley A. Baker, and of other thousands of associated workers all through the United States. What are the forces back of this campaign, and what are the chances that it will succeed?

It is a striking phase of modern American life that in these early days of the twentieth century, usually regarded as a period of fading religious belief, we have a movement, already immensely successful, which draws its main inspiration from the Bible. For the Anti-Saloon League is almost exclusively a church organization; its leaders are nearly all clergymen; its members are practically all taken from the evangelical denominations; and its financial support is derived largely from church collections. It represents a conscious effort to swing the votes of American church members against the saloon. Its frock-coated and white-necktied leaders regard the votes cast for prohibition as the triumphant voice of God asserting Himself against the devil.

The Men Behind the Fight

THE Anti-Saloon League represents, not the "high-toned," "higher criticism" wings of the Christian faith; it represents the revivalistic Methodists and Baptists of the older generation. Bishop Potter of New York used to denounce the League and all its works, whereas Billy Sunday is one of its favorite pulpit exhorters; there you have the spirit that inspires all its work. The birth-place of the Anti-Saloon League was Oberlin, Ohio. In vituperation the Anti-Saloon Leaguers resemble the most unbridled of the old Ohio and New England abolitionists. A saloon-keeper is usually referred to as a "rum-seller"; a saloon is commonly described as a "dirty hole"; a clergyman who does not advocate the anti-saloon ideas is a "fallen preacher."

The men directing the Anti-Saloon League have the Old Testament spirit as intensely as Cromwell's soldiers, and they implicitly believe that their every act is inspired by God.

With this devotional spirit, however, Mr. Baker and his associates combine a worldly wisdom that constantly outwits the cleverest politicians of the whisky interests. Their guiding philosophy may have come from the throne of grace, but their political methods have a practicality that would do credit to the district leaders of Tammany Hall. These reverend wire-pullers admit all this with an engaging frankness. Nor do they hesitate to indicate the source from which they have learned political wisdom—that is, from the politicians of the liquor traffic.

"Daddy" Russell, Mr. Baker, and their fellows carefully studied the ways in which the liquor interests gained their political power, and then adopted them as the most offensive means of fighting their

TO be a good illustrator would satisfy the ambition of most men. But James Montgomery Flagg, not content, must be a portrait painter as well. Also author of half a dozen successful books. And, for all we know, he may have written a popular song or invented a noiseless clutch. If he hasn't it's only because he hasn't wanted to.

detestable lot. For many years a certain political organization known as the Prohibition party had fought in the temperance cause, but with little success. The Anti-Saloon Leaguers discovered the cause of the Prohibition party's failure. It was simply because it was a party. It attempted to entice lifelong Republicans and Democrats to leave their affiliations and step into its ranks—a process that could never succeed. The liquor interests had never attempted to form a liquor party—hence their political success. They had simply manipulated the most potent political force that we have—that is, the balance of power. They had thrown their influence with Democrats or Republicans, as those parties showed the greater disposition to serve their ends.

Getting the Church Vote

THIS has been the method of the Anti-Saloon League. Every community, the leaders argued, contains a considerable church vote. That vote, in the main, is opposed to the saloon. It exists in numbers large enough, in most communities, to determine the issue of an election. Any candidate that can obtain this church vote can usually count on being elected.

The scheme of the Anti-Saloon League is therefore simple. It asks this candidate if he favors prohibition. If he answers "yes," that fact is reported in the voting church members. If he says "no," that fact is likewise reported. If he declines to answer the question, he is regarded as having voted in the negative. The church voters then cast their ballots for the candidate who supports their measure, irrespective of their party affiliations. They are in the business of destroying the saloon; that is the only issue they see in the campaign. The candidate, so long as he is right on the liquor question, can entertain any views on protection, the currency, foreign policy, or preparedness.

Americans frequently wonder at the recent progress of prohibition. This simple formula explains the mystery. The Anti-Saloon Leaguers, its leaders say, are not partisan, ex-partisan, or semi-partisan. They are anti-partisan. The League supports any party that will further its ends. It would vote the Socialist ticket if the Socialist were the only candidate who stood "right" on the saloon question. And these methods they propose to use in passing the Eighteenth Amendment.

Twenty-five States Won Over

ONCE the amendment is passed by the House and the Senate, the way will be fairly plain sailing. Every candidate for State legislatures will then be asked if he will cast his ballot for ratification. Upon his answer will depend the question as to whether he receives the votes of the prohibition forces.

"At the present moment Christian Endeavorers, church members, and other evangelical organizations are raising their hands and taking this oath:

"God helping me, no political candidate or party not declaring for the destruction of the liquor traffic can have my vote."

Church clubs and women's organizations everywhere are pushing federal prohibition. Petitions signed by millions of names are flowing in upon Washington. Every Sunday school and thousands of public schools are headquarters of the fight. Itinerant speakers are addressing factory workers every day, and preachers more than ever are making liquor the subject of their discourses. In particular, the Anti-Saloon forces are working in the smaller States. The vote of New Mexico and Arizona counts for as much as that of New York. Mr. Baker and his associates also have one great advantage, in that the vote of a State, once given, can not be rescinded. But a State that rejects the amendment can change its mind and indorse it.

It will take thirty-six States to pass the prohibition amendment. At present twenty-five have adopted no-license as a State-wide policy. It seems not unlikely, therefore, that in a few years the United States will follow Russia in a policy of nation-wide aridity.

The Label

By CONSTANCE SKINNER

Illustrations by Bartholomew Haviland

THIS is a man's story—two men's story, in fact. The life history of every man begins with a woman, sometimes concludes with one—and not infrequently because of one.

Young Neil was as much in love as a Highland Scot can be. That is to say, his passion for Prairie Rose was both a religion and a madness. Since every other single man within the radius of the Canadian Northwestern Fort adored Prairie Rose, she thought it only fair to herself to trifle with young Neil adequately ere she accepted him.

Prairie Rose's black horse, Eagle Plume, was her pride. Even Inspector McNab, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police Station, could boast no steed equal to Eagle Plume. This, however, was not a good reason why Eagle Plume's mistress should have used his equine excellences to aggravate her lover by riding away from him at top speed while he was pouring out his love for her—like a Highlander—in terms of holy humility mingled with primordial menace.

Eagle Plume, the speedy, had been led to his stall, and Prairie Rose was cooked upon a bench on the front stoop when young Neil, with flaming blue eyes and lips paper-white, flung himself from his mount. He stood towering over her—six feet of raw-boned, high-strung Celt with a top-knot of red hair, wet and windtossed—and arraigned her for her sacrilege. Whereupon she mocked him lightly.

"What did ye say, wumman?" he cried.

"Yes, you are. A goose. A Billy goose."

"Take that back and apologize for it."

"I apologize; I meant William Goose. Miss Rose can not accept Mr. William Goose this afternoon."

She curtseyed impudently and danced off to the stables.

"I thank ye for the name, ye wicked wumman," young Neil called after her, dialect coming thick upon his rage. "It's my name frae this hour, and I'll make it a name tae be shouted frae one end tae the ither o' the whole Northwest."

WHEN Prairie Rose came out upon the stoop in the spring twilight, with a tartan sash pinned about her skirt, a posy of wild flowers behind her ear, and a beckoning gleam in each eye, young Neil was nowhere in view. The dusk hid a horseman tearing across the plain.

The snows of the second winter had waned before she saw him again.

In due time young Neil arrived at his objective point. This was Fullerton, the police post on the north shore of Hudson Bay. He was to become one of its three constables. There he could enjoy the anguish of his wound to the full. Moreover, he had set himself the kindliest and hardest task that a harsh and exacting service demands of the men who enter it.

He was hated by a number and the name of William Goose.

"Wherever did you get such a name as that?" Corporal Surrey asked him. "For you're as Scotch as they make them."

"That's nothing against the Scotch, nor yet it's nothing against me," said Constable Goose sternly; and pleasantries were at an end.

When—during the first snowfall—she learned that there was a Constable William Goose at long Fullerton, Prairie Rose wept. Well she knew that the rash religious nature of the boy would make him carry out the hardest task that instructions plus his own conscience might demand, with entire disregard of his safety. Therefore Prairie Rose was proud and wept; but—she was also Scotch. She would live faithful and die forlorn; but she would not say "Come back" to Constable William Goose, whose opprobrious name was adopted in scornful revenge upon herself.

THIS is the story of two men.

Far to the south of bleak Fullerton, where the "Bad Lands" of Montana come up to the borders of Alberta and Saskatchewan, a woman's hand was driving another man northward, with face set toward the Hudson Bay country.

Lily Alto danced in a northern Montana hamlet where rustlers and smugglers made their headquarters. She was composed of two parts—externally, wild beauty; internally, cold-blooded cupidity. When she told James Jon, alias Utah, that she would go with him and elope onto him on the day when he could put fifty thousand dollars into her hand, she said it chiefly to be rid of him, that a bediamonded Brazilian, recently arrived, might have his place.

Utah may or may not have believed her, and been blind to the languishing sefior; but, since she represented all his desire, he resolved to earn—the word is used by courtesy—the stipulated amount.

He knew that there was one sure way to do this—always provided he was not stopped. If he could reach the northern fur country with a cargo of whisky he could trade the whisky to Indians for a fortune in furs. The difficulties ahead were two: first, to enter Canada with the whisky, and, second, to exit from Canada with the furs. The border patrol of the Northwest Mounted is discouragingly efficient.

Nevertheless, Utah was the type of man designed by nature to grapple with her constructively. He did not know this, because as yet nothing had occurred to break the deep, peaceful slumbers of his moral sense.

Utah acquired three pack-mules and a duplicate order of canned foods showing a preference for quart tins and ten-pound kits. To these he added pork and beans in pinte size for his own consumption. He selected a showy brand with an American flag on the label, and paraded his purchases. Contrariwise, in a mood of hush, he bought keg whisky. Bottles of assorted sizes were added to his collection.

Under cover of the dark he drove out, leading his three mules laden with the food-stuffs. The whisky was in the wagon, hidden beneath canvas and camp utensils.

Screened in a cleft of the Bad Lands, Utah spent joyous and industrious hours in transferring the whisky to the bottles and the bottles to the quart cans. Pint bottles rested nicely in a quart-sized nest of spinach, for instance; and quart bottles showed in among the native inhabitants of a ten-pound mackerel kit with the pure spirit of camaraderie. The gum used on can labels is crisp and easy to release. Utah dampened the labeling paper, cut the tops off the cans, sank the bottles, soldered on the tops, and repasted the paper. It was fine and tedious work. He left the wagon in the cleft, gave a mixed load to each mule, and rode over the border unmolested.

AT the little town of Nome, thirty miles in from the border,—his last calling point within the limits of civilization,—Utah learned, through chance meeting with another smuggler, that the flower of his heart was now worn by the Brazilian sefior, who had put diamonds in her ears "as big as lima beans." Utah sent Miss Alto a humorous and unsentimental message to the effect that when he returned he would shoot the other gentleman's diamonds out of her ears; and as for the Brazilian himself, he would not leave enough of that sefior in any one place to wear either jewels or a coffin.

Utah pushed on to one of the northern trading posts, where he purchased more provisions, dogs and a sled, and sold his mules. Then he acquired an Indian guide—a Cree, much pitted by smallpox, who declared that he held all the Sarsee tribe of trappers in the hollow of his hand—and launched upon the snow waste that stretches toward Hudson Bay.

On New Year's Day he established headquarters north of the sixtieth parallel and a little south of the Circle. He pitched his tent, made of skins, and banked it round with thick snow walls, like an Eskimo's igloo. Then he built a snow counter across the door and froze a sled to it for a top.

On the third day of his intrenchment the Sarsees arrived in force; and Utah was presently up to his shin in furs, for which he paid in whisky eight times diluted. His carbine lay along the inside edge of the counter; hidden under his parki he wore a revolver. The furs were of the best, black fox predominating.

An arbitrary rule, established for his own safety, decreed that each group of Indians must depart as soon as the trade was completed and take the payment elsewhere for consumption. In the beginning the rule worked well; but tasting and tippling in secret presently let loose the insolence of numbers. Utah kept a hand on his rifle and slept with one eye open.

SEVERAL hundred miles to the east of him, Constable William Goose was engaged in examining whaling and other trading vessels. Three policemen—a corporal and two constables—receive the customs, guard the money, and execute justice at Fullerton, besides maintaining order over the surrounding wide "back block of Canada."

The day when, amid shouts and barks, the Sarsees were wont to arrive to trade with the ships came and passed. Several weeks later there entered the post a tall pockmarked Cree who bore the fragrant title of Smoking Bones. He was related to the Sarsees by wedlock, and was esteemed among them for his cunning. As a South Plains tribe says: "Manitou first made the wolf and the serpent for practice, then he made the Cree."

Smoking Bones came as an emissary from a repentant people. He confessed that, against his counsels, the Sarsees had entered a whisky trader's igloo and caroused with him. Now, with aching heads and meek hearts, they waited down the trail until Smoking Bones could assure them their sins would be forgiven. They would then come in with their furs and trade according to their time-honored custom. Otherwise how would they get their supplies? Incidentally, the great King-Chief across the water was their father and the police were their mother. It had always been so; it would be so forever.

The corporal gave the desired word of pardon, and the Sarsees came in, their sleds fur-laden. Now, the corporal's bland look hid guile. He knew that whisky traders sell not their precious stuff for naught. Yet the Indians still had furs.

"There was no good reason why Prairie Rose should have aggravated young Neil by riding at top speed while he was pouring out his love for her."

Here was a mystery needing other elucidation than the glib oratory of Smoking Bones.

Calling at an unexpected hour, he found the Cree's Sarcee wife and child alone in the tent. The child held a bright piece of paper and was evidently deriving satisfaction from its gaudy colors. The Corporal recognized it as labeling paper such as adorns canned goods. On a garish mauve and yellow ground an American flag waved triumphantly over a pile of beans.

Across the beans were the words, in heavy black lettering: "Pure, Invigorating, Sustaining, Humane."

After having frightened the Sarcee woman into minor admissions, the Corporal confronted Smoking Bones with the scrap of paper, and the latter was forced to confess that the trader was still in the country and was, perhaps even now, carrying on his nefarious business with trappers from the Circle. As for himself and the Sarcees, they had come upon him by accident.

The Corporal called Constable Goose.

"Constable, these Indians are lying. What's more, they're scared—hiding something. You will go out and arrest that trader. I gather he's about a hundred and fifty-odd miles northwest of us." He handed the label across the table. "Put that in your pocket, and find out what it means."

Constable William Goose blinked at the label.

"Find out what it means?" he echoed. "From the looks o' it, I'd say 'tis a national anthem about beans."

"Whisky traders don't sell beans. Beans, in this case, are more than a staple; they're a mystery. Take a look through any Indian camp you pass. A hundred and fifty-odd miles—you ought to make it in four days easily."

"The mischief o' it is," Constable Goose agreed in reply, "the dogs are worn fine, and so am I—from our last trip."

"Start at once," was the Corporal's only reply.

Only a week before this Constable Goose had completed a five-hundred-mile patrol for the apprehension of two Indians guilty of murdering a woman whom they suspected of enchantments. They had strung her up by the armpits and starved her to death. The constable was not eager to go out again, because of a sharp stabbing pain in his head where it had been struck by a spear shaft in making the arrest.

Constable Goose's instructions were to confiscate the trader's whisky and furs, and to arrest the trader and his customers—if barter were still in progress—and bring them into Fullerton. Judged by the annals of the Mounted, this was not so much to expect of one Scotch lad, aged twenty-four, in the second year of his service, for which he was receiving sixty-five cents per day. William Goose would have departed blithely enough but for that ache in his head, and the morbid mental discomfort that obsessed him when he closed his eyes and could see vividly a woman's skeleton blowing about a tent-pole.

In the lonely blue-hued Northland imagination quickens dangerously. Under his fur parki the constable wore the scarlet tunic of dress parade, which is by no means the uniform for patrol duty.

"For," said he, "since the worst is about to happen to me, I'll prefer to look handsome when they take me home to Prairie Rose." Inside the tunic he pinned a note to the effect that his body, if found before wolves had devoured it, was to be sent to his father and his sweetheart.

FROM his elevation Utah commanded an excellent view of the country-side. This was included in the plans of the inebriate and fertile-brained Sarcees when they placed him on high. It would be part of his diversion to observe the wolves gathering from east and west out of the blue snow-gloom, to fight and fraternize with his huskies, assist in devouring the fallen, and wait for the sleeping hour of the man-flesh inside the igloo to leap in over the snow counter. The buoyant Sarcees, remembering, even in their sops, that the arm of the law is long and the feet of the Mounted swift, had not killed their victim after a round of pleasing tortures. They had bound him to his sled with thongs. A foot was fastened to each runner. The sled, on end, slanted against the tent-pole. His left hand was free to reach for the pemmican and frozen fish beside him. The supply might last for a week if he ate sparingly, and if—for this also had been considered—the beasts did not enter in dispute for it with him.

Left to himself, Utah found presently that he could reach the strap over his right shoulder with his teeth. In due time—biting the strap faithfully hour after hour—he freed that shoulder. The left shoulder-strap was not within his dental radius, and his right hand could do nothing there without a knife in it. Nevertheless there were several advantages in having his right arm unbound. He could grasp the edge of the snow wall and drag his weight up off his ankles now and then and so relieve his worst physical agony. Also, he could reach the six-shooter in the deep inside pocket of his parki—which the misled Sarcees had overlooked, although they had found and abstracted his cartridge-belt. Four of the shots went to hold back the beasts outside.

Ptarmigan—awkward snow travelers—and the white hare were caught by the huskies, but days came when hungry noses were raised over the ledge and red eyes looked in with hunger. Sometimes, still, the dogs slunk off at the hoarse command in the voice it had been their habit to obey. Sometimes—of late—they defied it. This was when they were inspired by a hump-backed, long-bodied, long-snouted, large brown beast to whose neck the touch of harness was unknown. Utah had seen the wolf appear out of the steel-blue snow haze and bestow her affections on the leader of his team. Those two were now paired, offensively and defensively, against the four remaining dogs and the man in the hut.

ONE morning, Utah saw the strange wolf, without apparent reason, slide away across the snowy distance. He wondered if the Indians were returning. Gun in hand, he waited. William Goose came into view.

Utah noticed that the man stumbling along beside the sled was taking a slow zigzag course; that sometimes he stopped, and, probably in obedience to his command, the dogs stood still while he went to them and handled the side traces. Then he would move on a few yards, and perhaps change their direction.

"A drunken Siwash," Utah thought. A moment later he exclaimed aloud:

"No, by hinky! he's snow-blind."

He fired—his last shot but one. The man stopped. Utah began to shout. His dogs barked. The man turned toward the igloo, listened, moved on uncertainly, then came faster toward the sounds he heard, still stumbling and veering. Presently he bumped against the snow ledge.

"Pull yourself up and climb in," Utah said hoarsely. "You're welcome, stranger."

A PAIR of mittens moved along the snow pack and clutched, then a furry peak appeared. In its midst two blazing blue bloodshot eyes peered unseemingly.

"Was it you I heard playing the bagpipes?" the figure inquired interestedly.

"It were not," Utah ejaculated.

"Man, man," the other chided, "ye're murdering it. 'Tis like the wailing of a sucking pig."

He scrambled in.

"For God's sake, cut me down!" Utah cried out, his endurance breaking at the sight of relief.

"I can hear ye fine, but I can't see ye. Up there, eh? Man, man," his voice lowered with dread, "did they freeze ye to a tent-pole and leave ye blowing about it like a flag?"

Utah groaned, in terror that the blind man might depart, leaving him as he was. At last, by dint of coaxing and patient repetition, he persuaded his visitor that he was not a Highland ghost playing bagpipes; and then the blind man cut the thongs and lifted Utah down. At his first attempt to stand, Utah sank to his knees with a roar like a wounded buffalo.

"Ay, man, they are hurting ye, I don't doubt. I'll rub up your ankles for ye and make a bit of fire."

"What is that brogue you use—Russian?" Utah queried between groans.

"Scotch, without a doubt!" was the reply, sternly made over the left shoulder as he scrambled out for sticks from the faggot on his sled.

For an hour he rubbed Utah's swollen limbs and doctored them from his medical case. Once or twice he paused in the

work, to embark upon a lengthy discussion with some one named Prairie Rose. Later he said:

"Here's a kettle o' snow for the tea. And here's tea and pemmican and such like in the bag. I'll be obliged to you for cooking the supper whilst I sit quiet a bit and try to remember what I came out for."

"All right, pard!"

It was three days since Utah had dined on anything more substantial than snow. He reached for the skin bag of food with alacrity and both hands. He refreshed himself with a chunk of raw pemmican before attending to the kettle.

"Pard, I'll sure put welcome on the map for you," he mumbled. "Don't bother to knock."

The wild, red-streaked blue eyes stared at him blindly from across the flame.

"Give me the fiddle, Prairie Rose. Ye've no got the swing o' it. Nay, lass, I'll sing it for ye. Hark, now.

"My love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June.
My love is like a melody
That's sweetly sung in tune.
So fair art thou, my dearest dear,
So deep in love am I,
That I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry."

"What do you know about that?" Utah queried aloud between mouthfuls.

"Tell me, sir," the minstrel said, leaning forward and warming his palms at the flame as any sane man might. "Have ye ever seen a wumman hangit tae a pole, and her frozen black and stiff and the wind rattlin' her round the pole?"

"Hinkydum it, no!" answered Utah.

"Then ye've no seen much!"

THE day passed pleasantly. Occasionally the Scot expressed distress for his loss of memory.

"I had a verra particular wee bit o' business that I came out for, and I canna remember at all what it was."

"Never you mind, pard," Utah responded encouragingly. "I'm right with you. With your dogs and the sled and my four huskies—that's twelve—and being careful with the food, why, pard, we've got a good fighting chance for life. I don't know where we are or where to head for, but I'll gamble on myself getting us both out of this hole. You'll travel right along with me, so don't you worry."

He chuckled, watching the blind man, who held a finger to his brow, puzzling, trying to remember.

"I didn't get what I came out for, either. By hinky! If I ever get my hands on that pockmarked Cree—"

"I've seen him!" The madman was sitting erect, full of energy. "Pock-marked Cree! I've seen him!" He struggled with this one clue; then it slipped from him, and he sank into his former attitude of puzzled distress.

"Passed him on the trail," Utah muttered. "To-morrow morning we'll be on our way, pard, no matter what those little ankles say."

After a silence the other remarked:

"'Tis always dark behind blind eyes, but if you'll tell me when 'tis night to a semi' man I'll go to bed and thank ye kindly."

"Sure, pard." Utah chuckled. But when night came and he gave the requested notification, he received a shock. The Highlander put off his fur bonnet and knelt in the snow.

"What in hinky are you doing that for?"

"Man, man," disapprovingly, "have ye no religion at all? And how do ye expect to be taken care of in a wild and lonely land? I'll just be saying my prayers all over again to make up for your deficiencies."

"I guess the two of us can win through almost as easy as one could," was Utah's last thought that night. "And he's such a entertainin' little fella."

IT was at breakfast that memory awoke in the Scot. It came as the dramatic answer to Utah's relation of his own brief but violent history in the land of the igloo. Utah confessed who and what he was with pride, and he strung the string of his narrative with a light bead of blasphemy—as he described the manifold treacheries of a certain pockmarked Cree "pinto." It was the Cree who had leaped on him from the roof of the hut while the Sarcees rushed him. It was the Cree who had suggested his suspension on the sled, and it was the Cree who had tied his feet.

"I've had my needful of fur-trading and Dan scrap," he wound up impressively. "But there's just two pelts I hunger for—that brown wolf's and that brown pitted Cree's. They'd match up great."

"Now, that's verra peculiar," said the staring madman across the fire. "That's verra peculiar. And I'll tell ye why. It brings to mind just the wee business I wasn't remembering, for all my trying. And for that I'm verra much obliged to ye, and so is the King—and the Corporal, too. Utah James Jep, are ye?" And selling whisky to Indians? Man, ye're the verra bit o' business I came out about."

He rose and drew himself erect.

"Now what?" Utah laughed, unaware that all the offended law was upon him.

"I'm Constable William Goose of M Division, and I arrest ye in the name—"

"And *now* what?" Utah repeated, but with fading mirth.

Constable William Goose was bringing a pair of handcuffs out of his inner pocket. Under his opened parki was the unmistakable red serge of the R. N. W. M. P. The sight of it brought Utah to his feet.

"In the King's name, I'm coming to fetch ye!"

Utah's hand slipped to his gun, then slipped away again, for the blind man was coming for him, gimlet, with the handcuffs open—coming straight through the fire, scattering it as he felt his way.

If one man was blind and daft, the other was weak from hunger and uncertain ankles. The two furry forms in the little igloo tumbled and lashed about like two bears in a pit until Utah worked his right arm out of the Scot's clutches. In that moment Constable Goose snapped the handcuff on his other wrist.

"Ha," he cried, panting and triumphant. "Ye ran murder me, maybe, because I'm blind—but ye can't say I didn't arrest ye!"

The touch of the steel was as the touch of magic, and lo, there were two madmen in the igloo. Utah's hand with the revolver in it rose with a swiftness that swung wide of Constable Goose's wild passes. For an instant the muzzle aimed at a vantage point behind the blind eyes, then it turned and the butt came uppermost. There was a dull sound. Constable Goose relaxed his hold and found dreamless rest on the ground.

"Because I wouldn't waste my last shot on you—that's why!" Utah declared.

He strove severely with the officer on his wrist, and presently removed it and threw it at the unconscious one. His feet hurt, but he ignored them, save for a curse or two, as he gathered up whatever the Sarcees had left that was worth taking.

He clambered out, and essayed to reharness the Scot's team with the addition of his own dogs. This proved to be no simple task. Both leaders were determined to have leader's place or eat each other in battling for it. Finally he was obliged to leave his own leader free. When he returned the igloo again to get the supplies, the figure on the ground was stirring.

"Arrest me, would you, you blind ol' bean? *Me!*" Utah muttered. The discarded handcuff caught his eye, and caused a malicious glee to twinkle there. He joined the Scot's hands and fastened the handcuffs on them.

"Corporal—I have the—honor—to report—" Constable Goose signed and sank back.

"Maybe some other lunatic'll mosey by and find you," Utah muttered. "You've got the same chance I had."

He climbed out, flung himself on the sled, and lashed the dogs out upon the trackless expanse, southward. Coming on the big brown wolf and his lead dog half a mile from camp, Utah whipped out his gun and fired his last shot. The wolf lapsed away across the snow; but the dog did not move. Utah replaced his empty weapon with the official Colt's .45 of which he had relieved Constable Goose.

Since Utah was free and on his way, he should have been happy. Recurrent rumblies of profanity indicated that he was not. He raised the lash to urge the team into their swiftest pace, but dropped it and brought them to a standstill instead.

"What did he come at me for? By wrists! so crazy he didn't know I could fix him."

The regularity and previshness with which his mind reverted to this fact proved it to be the rub. The deranged Colt, walking blind-eyed through the fire toward a gun's nose,—for neither hate nor personal gain,—had given Utah a moral whiff of a brand of bravery new to him. He did not grasp its motive. But the picture of a big brown wolf salting her fangs in the singing throat of the blind man gave him no satisfaction.

"By hinky, that damned she-wolf ain't going to feed off the little joker. I'll just go and remove her dinner. I sure hate that wolf."

IT was the beginning of the fourth week out that the blizzard struck.

Through the permeating cold and the snow-depths, the sled, dragged by the reduced dog-team, kept on. The huskies were not making forty miles a day now. Less than half of that was the best they could do with a lusty madman strapped on the sled, with hunger gnioling inside them, and a gaunt Utah mushing alongside more slowly daily.

The trip thus far had not been uneventful. At first, amused to the ways of a madman, Utah had bound Constable William Goose to the sled by the waist, thereby almost causing his death when, with a spontaneous mighty leap, he overturned the vehicle and hurled himself face downward in the snow, hurling the huskies into a snarling, biting mound of confusion. It required time and no small finesse to disentangle the dogs and readjust the outfit. Utah took no more chances. Constable Goose continued his journey bound from ankles to shoulders.

At night Utah had his hands full. There was camp to pitch, the dogs to be fed, as long as food held out, fire to make, and—no easy task—supper (when there was any) to be forced down the warbler's throat.

UTAH bore on, as he believed, south by southwest, confident that when they debouched across Saskatchewan they must find a trading post or Indian or trappers' camp. He did not realize that they had travelled practically due west instead of southwest, then veered south in a sharp line, still bearing westward. Utah wished to bestow his maniac on some white man's post, where he could be nursed back to sanity. To that end, he would risk a call anywhere except at a Police Station.

Utah had apportioned the supplies on the policeman's sled with the wisdom of an old desert wanderer, but by the third week they were dependent on game and his marksmanship.

For three days they had crawled ahead foodless, and had lost the third dog, when fate and shot were kind and Utah brought down a rabbit. He had to fight the dogs for it, but the latter had the handicap of the harness and Utah had the advantage of the whip and the butt end of the rifle. There were no more bits of wood for fire-making, even if the dogs had been in a state of mind to permit a man to cook rabbit in their midst. Utah divided the meat as wisdom urged, sharing with the best dogs and leaving only fur for those that gave signs of early defeat.

"One thing in being a nut," he remarked, thrusting red shreds at Constable Goose—"you can kid yourself into believing raw rabbit is fried liver and onions. Say, little fella, your eyes don't look so crazy like they did. I know you ain't blind these days. Snow blindness don't last. You've been seeing things for some time, only"—he chuckled briefly—"most of the things you saw wasn't there—you pore ol' bean, you," he wound up affectionately.

Utah did not know that the eyes had watched him with sanity since daybreak.

"I'd like to know what ye're doing this for," Constable William Goose muttered, closing his lids and biting into the rabbit.

"Me too," Utah concurred. "Little fella, you got wished on me—on account of me having to block that wolf. I'd grown to dislike that wolf-lady. Now I'm in for it, I ain't going to be beat. I'll win us through. So chew along, pard. By to-morrow night we'll have fire again. See that hump on the view straight ahead? Of course you don't, you pore ol' bean, you—but it's there. A white little bump. That's a clump of bush—yeh, boy, that's a little bunch of trees! And that means fire, and something to cook, too. Bound to be food living there."

Just then the dogs tried to demolish one another, and Utah leaped at them, swinging the stock of his rifle. Unobserved, the sane head of Constable Goose turned toward the horizon, and the eyes, no longer wild, deserted the "hump" on the landscape, then for a brief moment regarded Utah James Jep keenly. Thereafter he lay with closed lids—studying pensively the subject of a certain whisky trader who was worthy of a moral as well as of a bodily salvation—while the sled dragged on slowly through the snow.

That afternoon shortly before dusk the blizzard descended.

Successor to Henry Ward Beecher, editor of the Outlook, author of many books, Dr. Lyman Abbott has wielded an influence in American thought as that of few men in his generation. He is famous equally as author, preacher, and lecturer. Yet we suspect that if he were asked to name that part of his life-work which has been most satisfying and productive, he would choose his work as preacher to the religious. For fifty years he has been an unusual citizen in terms of the larger influence in thousands of men in their formative period: he has brought a vision that has been remembered through their after years.

A Message to the Readers of This Magazine

IF I could wish for you one great gift, it would be a knowledge of the rich treasure of comradeship with God.

In that comradeship is the secret, not only of joy and peace, but of efficiency. In that comradeship we find rest, not from our work, but in our work. When Christ said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest: take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me," He did not invite us to lay aside our work. He offers us rest in our work; the invitation is to those that are laboring and bearing burdens—the promise is to teach them how so to labor and how so to bear their burdens as not to be wearied by them. It is not a coach which He offers us, but a yoke; and a yoke is an instrument for the accomplishment of work.

Lyman Abbott

"For God's sake, cut me down!" Utah cried out, his endurance breaking at the sight of relief.

"By hinky, feels like the temperature was going up!"

The words were hardly said when the wind shrieked down on them, bringing the striking weight of leagues of snow. It seemed to reach to the sod, whirl up the six-foot depth of white particles, and wrap them in strangling folds.

Utah fought on blindly, grimly, for an hour, in the hopeless effort to make the shelter of the "stump of trees" he had sighted that morning—the snow-covered shape bumping above the horizon. Then the huskies refused to try further, for all his shouts and lashing. They lay down in their traces, and were snowed under before Utah could cut them free.

Blinded, all but smitten down by the storm, which came on with a speed of eighty miles an hour and a weight as if the prairie itself had up-ended, Utah felt his way along the dog line to the sled, unbound William Goose and tied him to his own waist, then worked to release the rugs and sleeping-bags. He could not turn the sled up against the storm to protect them, so he disposed William Goose close to the runners and lay down beside him. The blizzard's captive would decide whether they were to be sheltered or buried.

"I guess it's good night, pard," he said—not that he expected to be heard, for he could not hear himself. "I hate to cash in, at that; for we've done some Marathon, you and me has." He rolled as close to the other man as possible.

THE sled was high enough to protect them slightly from the hurricane. The white sea, filling all space between earth and sky, raced across the universe and over the two man atoms in almost horizontal billows. The constable, against the runners, was clear of the fall. Utah's body was buried, but he had laid his head on the other man's chest and so saved himself from smothering. The chest was fluctuating with sound—in other words, Constable William Goose was singing. Faintly under the screaming white windflood Utah heard:

> "Come near and bless us when we wake,
> Ere through the world our way we take—"

"We ain't going to need no blessing, pard, 'cos we ain't going to wake! Sing away, little fella—seeing you don't know what you're up against."

Some time later he muttered drowsily: "Funniest thing—I keep thinking it's warming up! Who ever heard of a warm blizzard? Maybe I've gone beany myself—or I'm getting advance heat waves from the place I'm headed for."

He found himself wondering idly how deep the dogs were buried, and a vague recollection to the effect that he might have made port if he had left the madman in the igloo crossed his mind; then he fell asleep.

Constable William Goose, native son of the Albertan and Saskatchewan prairies,—where Utah was a stranger,—knew the meaning of this blizzard, against which neither man nor beast could stand and which yet blew warmer than the still air that preceded it. It was the chinook, direct from the British Columbian Rockies, with gathered sea-mellowness behind it from the Gulf Stream.

UTAH had fallen asleep with the conviction that he would never wake; he slumbered on past dawn.

Constable William Goose managed to lift himself slightly by the elbow and waist. He looked across the dark brown earth trace, where lingered only the last memories of snow—the watery surface. The chinook had first transformed the prairie into a shallow lake, and was now sucking up the damp from the mud and beating the soil into dust under the lash of its hot wind. A few miles distant a mound lifted its outlines above the plain. The shape of a R. N. W. M. P. Station is not to be mistaken. Constable Goose saluted it with song.

Utah awoke, came back from the grave in which he had laid himself prematurely, and regarded the miracle of steam-swept prairie stretching under a bright sky toward Fort Gordon. The dogs stood with backs to the wind and heads down, letting the warm chinook dry them.

Awed silence held Utah for several minutes; then, his feelings compelling him to expression, he gave vent to his favorite expletive, "By hinky!" He followed this with the biggest whoop he could muster from within his weakened frame. It was a hoarse, cavernous, hungry, petering whoop, but fraught with emotion. He sat beside William Goose on the sled and slapped a hand on his shoulder.

"See that little house over yonder? Yeh, boy! See that little house?" he chanted in enthusiasm.

Constable Goose, feeling the heat, had loosened his fur parki. The uniform was conspicuous. It caught Utah's eye and thought, and held them. A faint sound of music cut across the wind—significant music, the reveille.

"Pard," Utah said slowly, "I got to do some studying. Yeh, little fella. That's no place for me to take a policeman. They wouldn't know you personally, 'cos it's the other end of the earth from where you started from—but, little fella, your clothes is unfer'nit for me."

In due course he made known the result of his cogitations.

"Pard, you're going to lend me that little coat; see? I kind of hate to do this to you; but, after all, you don't know what's occurring—you poor ol' bean, you. Maybe 'twon't work—but I owe myself a chance. Come, now. Gimme the little red coat. Nice little fella. Nice little coat. Whoa, boy."

By such gentle blandishments, seemingly, did he prevail upon Constable Goose to doff his garment. Constable Goose kept silence. His blond-lashed eyelids were lowered. Behind them, blue eyes gleamed with mirth.

INSPECTOR McNAB and his crony MacLean were sitting down to a noble day meal prepared by the woman of the MacLean family, when word came of the arrival of a stranger policeman with a prisoner.

"The prisoner is clean daft in the head, he says," Sandy, the messenger, reported. "And I'm thinking the constable is daft, too, for he says his name is William Goose. And if you please, sir,"—here Sandy's voice sank to a shocked hoarseness,—"he's on dress parade."

"What!" The Inspector dropped his fork.

"What!" Miss MacLean's voice thrilled wildly. She sped through the doorway like a shot from a gun.

By the steps of Inspector McNab's headquarters stood a tall, strongly made, lean man in an ill-fitting scarlet uniform. His broad shoulders stooped, and his anatomy generally grouped itself in the slanting, unregulated ease of the cattleman. His seared face was gaunt, his crafty twinkling eyes were almost lost in the hollows left by hunger and hardship. Black hair and beard bushed about his neck and head and emphasized the gray tinge in his cheeks. He was provocative of sympathy, but an unlovely object.

Miss MacLean's gaze left him to center upon the man beside him—a man younger in years, with red hair and red stubble over his chin, with blue eyes that flashed lancing looks at her, with carriage erect and military, but with handcuffs on his wrists. The bright bloom faded from her cheeks, her eyes widened, her pale lips fluttered.

The constable noted her distress.

"Don't you be scared of the prisoner, lady," he remarked urbanely. "He ain't

Continued on page 31

The Other Brown

By ADELE LUEHRMANN

Illustration by Lucius W. Hitchcock

"YOU must tell me, Alba—you must!"

Bianca Gil stood before the girl with anguished eyes. She was dressed for the street—indeed, had but that minute come in and gone directly to her guest's room. Her face was white and wasted from the hours of distress through which she had passed since her husband's arrest.

"But I don't know, señora! He didn't tell me his name. Oh, please believe me!" Alba implored. "I don't know."

Bianca turned away with a gesture of impatience. She did not believe the denial—had never believed it. But, until now, the identity of her guest's caller, the mysterious messenger from Brown, had been of no real concern to her. Now everything was changed, and the name and whereabouts of Brown's "friend" had become vital to the Gils, as a possible clue to the whereabouts of Brown himself. For, until Brown was captured and the guilt of the Wallen-Hewitt murder fixed upon him, Valentin Gil would be held by the police.

That was the thought that half maddened his wife, when from his cell in the Tombs she rushed back to her home with frantic questions, only to be met with the same statement as before:

"I don't know his name—he didn't tell me."

"Alba! Alba!" she cried at last despairingly. "How can this man be so much to you that you are willing to make us all suffer for him—a man you have seen only twice in your life!"

"But I'm not, señora—I'm not!" Alba pleaded. It was terrible to see the señora so unhappy, so unlike herself. "I've told you all I know. I can't tell you his friend's name—I don't know it. And I can't say that I signed the papers selling the mine to Señor Gil. I did sign some papers—all that my stepfather told me to. But I don't know what they were—he didn't tell me that. He said they were papers he had to have to take to Mexico—"

"Mexico!"

"That was what he said, and I believed him. And I saw his ticket—he showed it to me. I am sure the expressman made a mistake about the trunk."

"No; it was not a mistake. He meant to cheat my husband and run away with the money."

"Well—I suspected nothing. I have been honest with you," Alba insisted. "I've told you everything. I've told you things I did not tell the police. You know that, señora!"

"The police still believe there was something between you and that French girl," Mrs. Gil answered, catching in her excited state at any opening.

"Because I looked frightened when I thought she was going to tell them about my leaving the church," Alba declared in a patient, reasoning tone. "And I was frightened. I knew that if she told I should have to explain. But I've told you about that, señora. Surely you remember. I thought I had seen Mr. Brown go into a hotel as I was passing it the day before. I wanted to be sure—to know if he were in New York. I only telephoned to ask that. I didn't mean to speak to him. I only wanted to be sure that he was here—that I might see him soon. But how could I explain that to strangers? I told you, because I trusted you. But—no girl wants all the world to know she is in love with a man who—can't marry her."

At the end Alba's voice was hardly audible. She had forced herself to repeat the confession of an act of which she was ashamed. It seemed to her a very bold thing for a girl to telephone to a hotel and make inquiries about a man, and she had been driven to it by the fear that at the convent the message she was expecting from Eric Brown might not reach her.

ALL this Bianca Gil understood. But, obsessed by her own trouble, she saw everything only in its relation to that.

"Alba," she began after a slight hesitation, "have you never wondered why it is he can't marry you?"

"Wondered? Of course I have. I've thought and thought."

"And you could think of no reason?"

"No."

"Has it never occurred to you that he might be already married?"

"*Married!*"

The word was a startled whisper, and, drawing back, Alba fixed her companion with clouded eyes.

"Isn't that the obvious reason?" Bianca asked. "What other reason could there be that he wouldn't tell you? My poor child, of course he's married."

Alba did not answer. Her wide eyes had drawn together as if she were trying to focus them upon some mental image. After a moment's wait Mrs. Gil went on:

"They told you when you 'phoned to that hotel that there was a Mr. Brown stopping there with his wife, and you took it for granted that it could not be Eric Brown—"

"But it was not! That man's name was Fred Brown—they said so!"

"My dear—Frederick—Eric—don't you see? I am sure they are the same man. They described Fred Brown to me at that hotel. And they described his wife. She was your maid Amélie—I am sure of that. And they told me that on the night of the murder the two left the hotel very hurriedly, without notice—"

"But that doesn't prove anything, señora!" Alba broke in.

"Isn't Eric Brown's running away proof?" Bianca Gil retorted. "If he is innocent, why is he hiding? Oh, can't you see, child, that he has simply used you? He deceived you, and now you're deceiving yourself. But you mustn't be a silly girl and let yourself be played with! For that was what he did—he played with you! Can't you see that? He is unworthy of you. Put him out of your mind and—think of others."

"Others!" Alba echoed, not catching the drift of the plea. "You don't understand, señora. You have made a mistake. I don't know who this other man is—or his wife. But he is not Eric Brown. *He* is not married to Amélie, or to anybody else. I know that! And, even if I never see him again, I shall never think of any one but him. Why, don't you understand, señora—I love him!"

"Love! What do you know about love?" Bianca exclaimed bitterly, disheartened by the failure of her attempt to goad the girl to a betrayal of the man who filled her heart. "You meet a man twice—a few hours, all told. He tells you he cares for you—kisses you—and you think you know what love is! But wait." She faced around again excitedly. "Wait until you have been married—for years—living all your days with the man you care for. And let trouble come to him—injustice and disgrace; and then—then you can talk about love!"

"Señora!" Alba sprang forward with a cry of pity. For the other, her outburst over, had suddenly succumbed to her despair and was sobbing violently.

"Oh, don't—don't!" begged the girl.

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"'What do you mean?' 'I mean,' she answered, 'that it might have made a difference. The child was not dead.'"

WHY NOT GO TO COLLEGE? YOU CAN

IF you think that you have a chance in the way of your having an education, then nothing stands in the way. You can go. Be happy if you want to, and enough. Ernest E. Meyer for instance gets a job by acting pin boy in a girls bowling alley. Sees a sign and quick as his mother can make a curl one of the girls got through bowling. Ernest has to leave his couch and pick up four pins all down at once.

IF Geraldine Farrar can make a comeback, Eva Tanguay Kennedy and Elsie Janis between now and the time she makes her début in grand opera. Miss Kennedy spends $3 for a half hour vocal lesson every week, earning the money by poaching crawfish in the Hackensack River. The fishing rod averages $40 a month.

LEARN as you go, and you will find many answers people said George Ade. "You get through college rather" say George Washington and Walter Bellamy. Their job includes hemming over night between one o'clock and midnight, to watch oil display electric lights and insert new current charts. A hard job for young men you say. Yes but they make light of it.

SIX Barnard College girls make $5 weekly an hour between their college exercises, looking after other people's babies. Of course they are ladies in New York. Miss Romola Marston being one a good girls name as much Quarry. What a stupid frivol. However Miss Marston and those dresses hopes of only one life to Telemachus. Miss Marston watches many of the Telemachuses. Upper yoke.

LOUIS McCLODDEN may be said to be getting through college by fine shaves. Life has its crosses for him. When his teeth ask names for us. Providence has sent a new crop of hair to his round hill and high. A few swift passes with the razor and he is a man ball. We wish we had been as bright as Louis when we were going to college. We would give anything in the world for the chance of shaving a few men between professor we know must have.

VICTOR BLACK owns the laundry in company in his college college scarlet fever's on his ark and along away on the washed. Victor's favorite Virgil record is the "Tale of the Shirt" which, we presume, is one of the "Tales from Ruffinano."

THE Bridge "Oscar" Morgan of Princeton University gave Chris Sharkey $50 a month to coach him with those invaluable pets, the Chlamydomonas, Rodea and Spirogyra. Personally Mr. Sharkey we have never met a Chlamydomonas but we have a drill mosquito, registered by ourself and two other here in New Jersey that we will match against any two Chlamydomonases.

HE Stanley Steamer is a student at the Georgia School of Technology by working alternate weeks at the Atlanta Steel plant, and he has built his own house out of $ 0 worth of lumber. Twenty-five cents a day provides him with breakfast dinner and supper.

SUGGESTIONS W

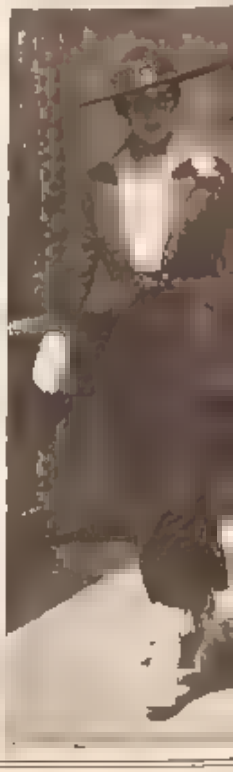
Photograph

WE have determined upon a fresh and daring course. We are going deliberately to cast away the two ideas on which all magazines have existed in the past. Whether we shall ever be able to thank up any new plans to take the place of these ones we do not know. But these men must go. "Are you ready, gentlemen?" "All ready, sir." "Very good. Step forward, first, victim." Zenaida, whom have we here on the left? Who, indeed, do not you favorite picture page "Beauties of Every Nation."

"THE quality of the [illegible] will attend a ch[illegible] ball." "The quality of mercy is agreed with us," but "For Sweet Charity" in any magazine.

WE have learned to rely fully that Sherman was few cautious and reserved in his remark about war. For are living, but when we are not living back on a moment's rest, thinking we have bought the elephant at the usual cost, they can eat for a year with our dollars over and tells us they are already hungry again. For another thing, every third person who writes us a letter asks: "Is a simple question how the women are helping out in England. Why not a spread on 'Women in the War'?"

YOU know it as well as we. You have seen it so often in the magazines that it must be true. Mary Garden simply has to be torn away from her place by the grayish when it is time for her to go on the stage. Maude Adams would rather starve to death than draw a thousand a week; and Mary Pickford's idea of heaven is a place where there will be nothing but dishes to wash. You know it so well, why should you have to be told it again? Why should the picture page called "Actresses at the Home" need to be explained?



WE know what a blow this will be to our [illegible] as made up our law is set. We know how many thousands of women have been making their living expenses every year by selling their summer experiences to the magazines. We hate to throw this army of faithful workers out of work; we hate to deprive them of the only trade they know. But duty must be done. We give them fair warning to learn another trade. The habit of publishing pages of pictures with [illegible] "My Summer Vacation" must go.

WE suppose our hands resolve will and merely quit Vogue and Town and Country out of business, or will greatly depreciate the value of property along Fifth Avenue. When Mrs. Vanderbilt and Cholly von Chumley find that there is no longer any danger of their being photographed while walking up the Avenue they will cease to walk. Nevertheless we must [illegible] pages of pictures entitled "Caught on the Avenue" have lived too long. The public has suffered enough.

VE DO NOT WANT

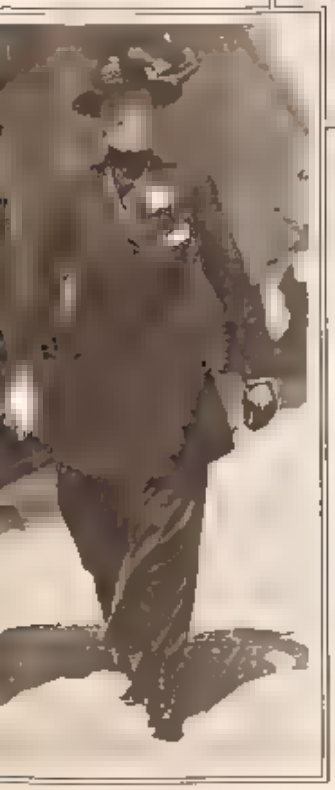
by Paul Thompson

TEN thousand six hundred and nine good souls sent a gentleman from Chelsea, Massachusetts, three cents in the same suggestion on a picture page all the past six months. We apologize to these friends because the cost of white paper has prevented our writing a them personally. And a them, one and all, we say kind but firm: No, we do not want no special entitled "America the Melting-Pot." We do not want a pavet.

...e our struggle," said Shake-...ander was never committed to ...ld he done so, he would have said, ...s some drama," and he would have ...e picture page lovingly entitled ...Sake" must never again appear

"It is the twenty-fourth of December. Outside is falling constantly. In his little hall bedroom young Jack Delafield is thinking of the loved ones so far away. But all his sadness vanishes for he has purchased a tiny Christmas tree for himself. He gazes up at it while tears soften his dear gray eyes. And so forth. Please please subscribers, send us no more of this stuff! It is of no use. Other magazines may continue flinging it every week, but we shall never, never publish a picture page called "Christmas in Many Lands."

By the time all the reforms that are suggested have been put into effect there will be very little of the magazine business left. With our ruthless hand we shall now proceed to sweep that little away. What is the nature that occurs in every magazine at least once a year and its name suggests in every page? "Broadway's Galaxy of Stars." Shall it be shot at sunrise? The eyes have it. Good-bye old chum



So we come to the end of the page and as we look back over our work we modestly pronounce it good. The world will henceforth be relieved. Magazine editors will have to go to work for their salaries instead of lecturing before women's clubs; and the United States mails will be much lighter. We believe we have disposed of all the worst offenders among the picture pages. Did we say all? Stop! What is this? One little candidate, jailer, before he iron doors swing shut. Into the cage with our old snaky friend, the picture page headed "Among the Social Workers."

EVERY WEEK'S OWN TRAVELOGUES

SEEING CHICAGO

A TRIP to Chicago without seeing Dick Little is like Hamlet without the ghost. Richard Henry Little was war correspondent for the *Tribune*, and spent two years in the Philippines. When he returned to Chicago he went to the Press Club and with two other gentlemen of active imagination began making up his expense account for the two years. Wherever he found his imagination capable, he would say and set down: and believe me, that writer has a record. If you will take the total number of horses in the Philippines, as shown in the census of 1900, and subtract the number that Dick Little had shot under him in his expense account, it will appear that the Governor-General of the Philippines must have to walk to his office.

© Davis Brothers.

THE letter you send it, *Dear Mr. Rockwell*, ordering a package of seeds, a roll of wall-paper and a cut-glass bowl, goes to a man who dressed over by Aaron Rosenwald, Chicago, a large-hearted, cheerful philanthropist. Mr. Rosenwald's contributions to the war sufferers in Europe have averaged more than $ 9,000 a month since the war broke out. He celebrated his fifty-fifth birthday by giving away $565,500. His concern, Sears, Roebuck & Co., happens to supply every article of human need, except coffins and ready-to-wear underclothes.

Photograph by Davis Brothers.

WHEN a Chicagoan comes to New York and the New Yorker has shown him all the sights the Chicagoan invariably ends the conversation with the same challenge. "Well, show me a store like Marshall Field's." Stanley Field is a nephew of the great merchant and Mrs. Stanley Field is the great-niece of Marshall Field.

© Davis Brothers.

ONE HEAD is one of the few remaining authors who looks like an author. Since clothes on the instalment plan became possible, the average author looks not like his clothes advertisements in the back of magazines. But Opie Read stands on the dashed Webster table and the drawing he would almost write "Bowl," which in Mr. Read's case would have been a mistake. He put Arkansas on the map with his novel, the *Arkansaw Traveller*. He prowls and short stories at fifty-fifty with the stock-yards in making Chicago famous. Mr. Read has wonderful literary taste. He has read this magazine from the first issue.

Photograph by Davis Brothers.

THE world's most famous office boy is James Keeley, porter of the Chicago *Tribune*. Jim has been with the *Tribune* for twenty years and knows every newspaper man from coast to coast. He took a message to Young Stevens & Co. the editor of the *Tribune*. When he was married, the different departments of the *Tribune* furnished different parts of the house—the sporting department the laundry etc. Durkin knows more about the inside workings of Chicago than any man in it. Our advice to you, gentle reader, when you get there, is to see him first. You may be able to if the steam's not up too high.

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING

To Roll This Old World Along

FROM DREDGE TO PLOW IN A YEAR

A modern miracle, the Irish Water Reclamation Service caused this water and created hundreds of acres of arable land.

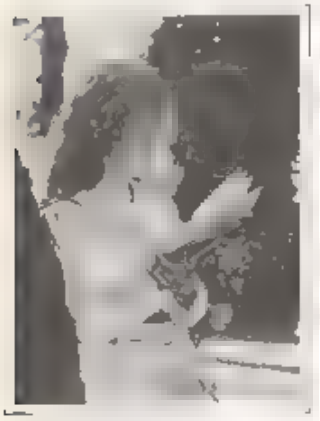
On [illegible] the Shannon River and snapped a few strands of the expanse of [illegible] water in the [illegible] towing the dredge ashore. On May 2 [illegible] the same photographer stood at the same spot and shouted [illegible] Where [illegible] was now [illegible]

It was a modern miracle had been accomplished. But it was typically a modern-day miracle. The spot known in the government records as District 1080 of the Overflow was reclaimed by the National Reclamation Service. Miles of [illegible] the water [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"I HAVE NO TIME TO READ"

All Right—We'll Do Your Reading for You. $300 Worth of New Books and Magazines Are Read Every Week for These Two Pages

FOR THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T FINISH SCHOOL



Imagine! By reading "Ivanhoe" or "Lorna Doone" behind the elm tree, while the whole family is calling for you to come and do the dishes, you may become a graduate of the Government's Home Education Division.

THE girl who left school before she got an A.B. or a B.S. after her name still has a chance for a U. S. The United States government has a [illegible] reading course for girls who [illegible]

What to do, says the [illegible] bulletin, is to write to the Home Education Division of the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C. giving your name, post-office address, your age, and brief statement of your education and occupation. Then you will be told how to register and will receive a list of [illegible]

If at the end of three years or before you give evidence of having read three books, you are graduated by the United [illegible]

The books are such old [illegible]

Alice's Wonderland, Lewis Carroll
[illegible] Christmas Carol, Charles Dickens
[illegible]
Pride and Prejudice, Jane Austen
The Jungle Book, Rudyard Kipling
[illegible] Charles Dickens
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Merchant of Venice, Shakespeare
Romeo and Juliet, Shakespeare
Florence Nightingale, Laura E. Richards
Story of My Life, Helen Keller
Short History of English People, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

HIS ENEMIES LIKED THIS MAN

CAPTAIN W[illegible]SON of the Mess[illegible] was flying over the German lines when a German aviator rose to meet him. The German outgeneraled our man, and on shot the English[illegible] who, after having a wing broken, dropped safely to the ground. His enemy landed near him, and on surrendering, the Englishman asked the name of his captor.

Boelcke [illegible]

The chagrin of the capture was forgotten for the moment. The Englishman forgot his pistol, and as Boelcke shook [illegible]

[illegible]

All this happened on the day that Horace Bayona Swope, the author of *Inside the German Empire* (Century Company), went to interview Captain Boelcke, the greatest of "big-game hunters," who shot down thirty-eight French and English [illegible]

[illegible] scored his twenty-[illegible] to him. The air was [illegible] which he [illegible] [illegible] found [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

How I Got Out of the Bonehead Class

As told to GEORGE F. WORTS

"I was shy. The nearness of a girl would tie my tongue and freeze my knees

"Bonehead!"

That is the word the head bookkeeper has used.

"You've got stumps where your fingers ought to be. Your head is good for us to hang a hat on. Put it on and get out of here—you bonehead!"

[illegible] the way he said it. [illegible] the same words [illegible] more vicious phrase. I could remember my head. I did not deny it. [illegible] all of my [illegible]

[illegible] a six-foot dyke. I knew I was heavy [illegible] and freckled.

[illegible] by my record of other performances. The teachers [illegible] me [illegible] a room without [illegible] chair or something [illegible]

[illegible] inches in height and weighed [illegible] pounds stripped. I was shy [illegible] of all the lightest provocation of a girl would [illegible] me my [illegible] and [illegible] for my knees [illegible] appeared to be called on for [illegible] stand up, shivering [illegible] preferred the "failure" that went into the grade book with [illegible] amused smiles that challenged any attempt I made. Somehow or other I quite failed in my courses. I always [illegible]

"Warren!

Now, Warren, your marks really make me feel that you ought to take this work over again next semester. But you've tried hard and I'm going to give you a chance."

Those words "tried hard" used to make me furious. They meant that I was a bonehead and never could learn. I could only try hard. Now I realize that I had my philosophy twisted. Trying hard was a strong quality.

SOMEHOW I managed to qualify for a high school diploma, but I could not get through the graduation exercises without one final stupid act. It took place on the platform, when the principal was giving out the diplomas. He called our names and handed them to us one at a time. We had to march out, make a low bow, say "Thank you," and march back to our seats again.

The auditorium was jammed. All our mothers, sisters, brothers were out there. I sat in the back row, because we were seated according to height, and I was tall.

I fell to speculating as each name was called upon what the future had in store for my classmates. I speculated so profoundly that when my name was called I did not recognize it. I sat there pondering. I was imagining what sort of an inauguration speech Charlie Jessup would make when he became President of the United States. Charlie had been a wonder in civics. After a pause my name was repeated. Some one tittered. I came back to earth. I stumbled out, and when I had bowed and said "Thank you" and turned to walk back to my seat, my face was [illegible]

When I say I slunk back to my seat, I mean it. I can bring back that feeling of self-abasement. It was as intense as [illegible]

[illegible] my school-mates would remember me by that. No doubt some of them [illegible] entering fifteen or twenty [illegible] I now recall with [illegible]

[illegible] heard one of them murmur sarcastically as I passed. I felt so hopeless that nothing they could have said would hurt.

I went home [illegible] my mother as a [illegible] a boy life. I will admit that I always stupid before her. She could draw me out occasionally and show both of us that I [illegible] a gleam of intelligence. But I had never shocked her [illegible]

"Father," I said, pouring my butter[illegible] town and everybody in it."

"Warren!" she gasped.

"[illegible]ing away. I don't know where. But I'm going to-morrow."

Somehow she knew that I meant it. [illegible]rted for Cuba. Why Cuba? Why does any young fool do things and why will young fools keep doing them until the end of [illegible]? I believe I did it because my money would carry me that far, with a little left over. I wanted to go to some [illegible] that had glamour. I wanted to go to some place where the people were entirely different from the people I had known—the people I hated, the people who had made my life miserable. [illegible] over to have [illegible] valuation, not [illegible] confidence to [illegible]"

IT is hardly necessary to do more than touch upon the steps that led to the downfall of my plan, because the main [illegible] assistant to the bookkeeper in a big warehouse. I tried my best to write into a book the neat starring figures which my superior affected. But it was beyond me. It was after [illegible] had made my tenth erasure that he fired me, using the uncomplimentary words with which I began this story.

I put on my hat and walked disconsolately out into the street.

I had been walking a long time with my fists jammed into my pockets, before I realized that the "thumbs" of my left hand were wrapped tightly around every penny I possessed. I banished the thought of doing something desperate, and I asked myself:

"Why can't I find the groove in life for which I am fitted? If I can answer that question truthfully, I certainly will cease to be a bonehead. What am I most [illegible] for? What am I most fitted for? Get busy."

[illegible] about that time he [illegible] gleaming black hull of a fruit steamer [illegible] and silhouetted itself [illegible]

[illegible] only [illegible] been [illegible] the only subject [illegible] in which I had made a favorable showing in school. Perhaps I could get [illegible] to go to sea in a fruit steamer [illegible]

"Youngster," he said, "what makes you think you know anything about fruit?"

[illegible] of application [illegible] happened to be a ship in port with a vacancy in the steward's crew. [illegible] in spite of my pug nose, freckles, and awkward [illegible]

[illegible] knowledge of fruit. Down [illegible] the American coast the [illegible] bananas, pineapples, mangoes, papayas, and guavas began to fascinate me. I spent hours ashore every time I could get shore leave, and specialized, for the time being, on bananas. I learned why one was more valuable to the company than another. I talked with every fruit man who was willing to talk.

THAT was the beginning of the complete [illegible] shipmates looked on me as some sort of a curiosity. But none of them called me a bonehead! They called me Dud. It was the first time anybody had used it [illegible] in school I was "Freckles."

[illegible] day the fruit expert of our company went for a walk in the Colombian jungle, and never came out. He [illegible] some new fruit lands [illegible] but applied report to [illegible] Next day an answer came. It ordered me to New York.

The vice-president of the company laughed when he saw me.

"Youngster," he said "tell me, honestly, are you the W. Dudley who cabled the report?"

"What makes you think [illegible] anything about fruit?" he [illegible]

I pointed my finger at him, just the way I had pointed the butter-knife at my mother.

"[illegible]ire away," I said, "and you'll find out."

He picked up a grapefruit that was [illegible] on his desk. He groaned.

"Tell me something about this," [illegible]

[illegible] the buying price [illegible] freight. I summed it all up [illegible]

"It's a bad buy. [illegible] you'll lose [illegible] you handle it."

He took down the telephone receiver [illegible] countermanded the order—and hired me. I went to work for five thousand a year.

My confidence took a leap with my salary. And it continued to grow. I could look the millionaire owner of a fruit plantation in the eye and tell him precisely why his oranges were worth to us seventy-five cents less than the price he asked.

As soon as I had this grip on myself this confidence, I began to [illegible] I would be talking to [illegible]

"I decided to go to sea in a fruit steamer

[illegible] man or a woman, and our conversation would break. At first I felt that it never happened to anybody but me. It seemed to me that my conversation stopped because I had said all I knew, and I was a bonehead.

But one night I was entertained in the home of a Florida grapefruit grower. For a while we talked of nothing but grapefruit. Soon we had begun to exhaust it. I began to feel uneasy. I was at the end of my rope. For a long time no host or hostess said anything. He was a New Yorker of affairs, or had been before [illegible] and came to Florida [illegible] and town's [illegible] The silence [illegible] was awkward. I could feel the moments [illegible]

Then I said to myself: "Warren Dudley, you're not a bonehead. Get busy. Talk. You know as much as this [illegible]."

I started talking of the curious [illegible] that I had seen in the little Central American villages. Then all [illegible] was politely attentive. [illegible] then he showed [illegible]

[illegible] gave me the jolt of my young life!

He's a winner, that young man," I heard him tell her.

And she answered, "Isn't he interesting?"

I felt like shouting. It made me so happy. And I looked in the mirror above my dresser and—wasn't I a conceited one, too?—grinned back at myself and [illegible], "Warren Dudley, pug nose freckles, and all, you're out of the bonehead class."

THE other day the president of our company called me into his office. I had just [illegible] the reports in with [illegible] and the reports just now." [illegible] president. "What I want to know is, are you satisfied with the work you are doing?"

I waited.

"We need a man of experience to take charge of our New Orleans office. Personally, Dudley, I don't like to see [illegible] of your ability spend all of his life running up and down the Central American coast haggling over the price of bananas. You've convinced me that you know your business, and our business. Now, unless you prefer to continue running up and down [illegible]."

I'd had my eye on that New Orleans office for months, but it was such a jump above the work I was doing that my application for it had seemed a waste of time. Yet now that it was offered, my confidence immediately adjusted itself.

"I'm sure I can handle it," I said.

"So am I," he replied. "I've watched your work—and your progress. I've followed you closely ever since you came [illegible]

The Other Brown

Continued from page 18

taking the shaking form ... her arms. "Oh, don't, please! I can't bear to see you like this. If there is anyth... I do want to help yo...

...ly seriously ...r herself ...ought like that for ...keeping to myself ...

...dod, a clock in the room ... She sprang up instantly ... she exclaimed. "I must ... Mr Johansen ...s to her tear-rivi... dared give ... eat before my face." ... e answer. ... cove you—but you'll call the servants if you want anything ... Ann she hurried off

Alba stared about the room with a feeling of terrible helplessness. It came to her then that here might be many things she did not know things that were being kept from her because she was a child. A child!

She began to pace the floor excitedly. If only there were something she could do! To sit and wait was horrible! She must do something. She must be treated like a child. They must tell her everything. No doubt they were all ...ering her, before, the donor—Nada even. Nada! She halted, arrested by a sudden thought. What had Dr Fleming said about Nada—that the police believed she knew Brown? Did she—she too, as well as the others? Did they all know him?

Well, about Nada she could find out. That, at least, was a thing she could do.

Rapidly she began packing her small traveling bag and making herself ready for the street. Then, bag in hand she hurried downstairs, where ... message for Mrs. Gil with ...

"Please say," she directed, "that I have gone to the convent to spend the night ...

LARS JOHANSEN sat in his library waiting. It was past eight the hour of his appointment with Mrs. Gil, and she had not appeared. Perhaps she would come. He hoped so fervently. The interview seemed deadliness be a painful ... him, and quite without value for he ... ...g ... ness. ... statements ...

...ferred to sell it ... and on ...

...ernal receipt the Me... ...third person had been involved, he ... not communicated directly with the owners. Gil had approved his suggestion ... ... had been ...

Against this ... ...parent ignorance of the co... The refusal to give the name and ad... ...ment can unera vital requisite of ...ive Oil ... may not s... ...olutely in his favor ... ... Yes: on the whole ... ...ent public ... ...stock ... than ...

... ...ecom s of the ...

... ... to the New ... ? Was he running away, as Gil charged? Had h... ...d his departure for Mexico (?

...dy k... ...what lengthy talk they had at ...berest, simply to think ... in the opposite direction."

A supreme flight one must think—so absorbed with twenty-five thousand dollars got honestly and twenty thousand got dishonestly, becoming thereby a fugitive from justice, when by remaining he would eventually have realized a larger sum legitimately from the sale to the Mexican Mines Company.

And why had he said to the Mexican Mines? Why not to her?

IN the hall outside a clock softly boomed the quarter hour. Lars Johansen rose to throw a log on the blaze that still contended with the rawness of the April night. He glanced up at the portrait of his son hanging above the fireplace. The youth's white costume and the background of sunlit tennis court made the canvas a high light in the somber room.

But was that all that he saw? Alba thought as she looked at it. Did he subconsciously ... the circumstances distant as time and space, to which was due his present connection with the Wolfe-Hewitt murder case. A few pages in a note-book a memorandum of his dead son's ... that had ...

...mories in its train. ... he was far from the present, ...ing his turns of tragedy and loss—a loss that ...

...ntinued ... ...short. Some one had spoken. Ah, yes: a servant to say that the lady who was expected had ... arrived. ...

When she entered h... ...ntleman leaped. The ...

...feel at sight of her distress ... gone through only of what he might find to say to cheer and comfort her. "It's very good of you to see ... yielding him her hand ... ...chanically ... to a chair. ... ...Sit here," he ... ...ould."

"Gold?" She looked up at him vaguely, then down at the misplaced hand that he had touched. Was it cold? Setting her gloves, twisted and twisted, fall into her lap, she obediently leaned toward ... fire.

...deserving a more sympathetic assent Johansen sat down. It was better to let her talk, to say everything just as she had ... T...

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As Told By Himself

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Three short years ago I too ...

Figure out how long it would take me to pay what I owed. I had a wife and two children to support and I used to worry myself sick about their future. What would become of her? What would become of them? Would we always have to skimp and scrape? Would we ever be able to pay what I owed?—to say nothing of saving something for the rainy da...

Today it seems like a dream ... troubles are over. I am worth $... ... enough to keep me and my family in comfort for the rest of our lives. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools. ... have just purchased, for cash, a $25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motoring, traveling, whenever I care to.

Let me say in all sincerity that I believe what I have done, you, anyone—even dull and only an average man or woman—brilliant have never gone to college—my education is limited. I know at least a hundred men who know more than I; who are smarter, better and better informed, yet not one of them has made as much money as I have and hap...

...e. I show this evening ... ed by the extent of a ... ...hensive education.

What then, is the secret of my success? Let me tell you how it came about.

One day about three years ago, something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of no great consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another. I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

I lay awake most of that night, thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover what was wrong with me! Along towards dawn I resolved to experiment. I decided to exercise my will power—believing that if I did that I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to "put it over"—that I would not be afraid of myself or of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my fears across I would soon make my presence felt. I knew that heretofore I had always neglected to exercise this power—that I had allowed my will to grow weak—that it had come to depending on others to give me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—*demand and command what I wanted.*

With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something more about will power. I was sure that other men must have studied the subject and the results of their experience would doubtless be of great value to me in understanding the workings of my own will. So, with a thoroughness of purpose that I had scarcely known before, I began my search.

The results at first were discouraging. While a good deal had been written on the memory and other faculties of the mind, I could find nothing that offered any help to me in acquiring the new power that I had hoped might be possible.

But a while later in my investigations I chanced upon the works of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight, I discovered that this eminent scientist whose name ranks with ... Bergson and Royce, had put into print the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement: "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body." My question was answered. Eagerly I read further how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study, how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which anyone could develop he will, making it a ...

...gressive course of Training. ... it occurred needless to say, that as soon as I began to practice the exercises recommended by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. I have already indicated the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

But it may be thought, that my case is exceptional. Let me again assure you that I ...

...ake no assertion which, upon ... ...nishment, is not borne out. For I have come across hundreds of other cases where strengthened will power has brought success and fortune to people who were laggards, has enabled thousands to overcome drink and set their natures right, has helped overcome sickness and nervousness, has transformed main spring visions, discontented wishers into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

I have been authorized by the publishers to say that any reader who writes ... examine this startling book only to see it without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that "Power of Will" is worth $5, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwholesome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind as a magnet; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the instantaneous of results, freedom, and everything we are striving for and some may say that no mere book can teach the development of the will. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for ... Power of Will has done, as well which ... vestigating. It is interesting to note that among the 100,000 owners who have read, used, and praised "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Judge Ben B. ... ...es of the Court, Justice Parker, Wu Ting ... ...Yuklvie of Nebraska, Assistant Postmaster-General Britt, General Manager Charteris, of Wells Fargo Express Co., E. St. Elmo Lewis, Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and hundreds of others.

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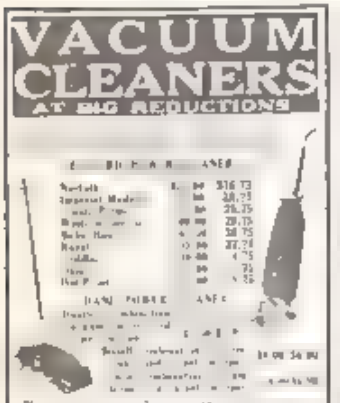

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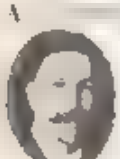

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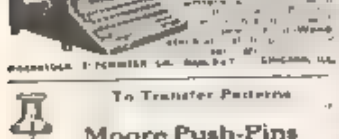

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self a way [illegible] with her sad eyes and lingered here to see him, it was hard. "I saw the papers; they were not made out so as—you know that."

[illegible] her white brows a little.

"I think my husband has no right to buy the [illegible] and sell it to you for a higher price—"

"No, no. You are entirely mistaken," Lord Chelsea protested. "He has every right to do that if he could." He hesitated, added: "But I don't see why [illegible] will should have agreed [illegible] me or your husband when we knew he could get a much higher price for it from me."

HE caught the sudden dilation of her pupils before she dropped her lids. He had taken her by surprise. There was a hidden motive underlying that deal, then.

[illegible] betrayal of her husband's secrets.

"Mrs. Gil," he said gently, "I should not like you to urge your husband or to speak about his relations with Welles- [illegible] the person from whom [illegible]"

[illegible]" she answered [illegible] urged him. You see [illegible] knows he's innocent [illegible]

"[illegible]" her hearer caught her up. "[illegible] as you think," she denied quickly. "The police believe that he and Brown acted together. But that is not true—I've told them so. I've told them how we came to meet Brown, and [illegible] Mr Welles-Hewitt. But [illegible] few weeks ago. I'll tell you about it."

She went toward him eagerly, as if hopeful that her story might enlist his [illegible]

"It was in [illegible] rico City. We were there at a hot [illegible] Frederick Gr[illegible] husband about the Rosalba pearls, which he said he had heard was for sale [illegible] of the guilt[illegible] agent for various mine-owners and I don't suppose we should ever have seen Mr Brown again if he had not happened [illegible] find out that I had once been Mr [illegible]-Hewitt's secretary. He began to [illegible] times, and [illegible] exclaimed Johnson. "He

"Very much. At first I thought he was perhaps in love with Miss Yznaga, or was a fortune-hunter. But he said he never saw her. At the time I [illegible]ed that, but now I believe that she [illegible] do with the case at [illegible] something quite differ[illegible]—I don't know what. My husband thought he might have been [illegible] at cards by Welles [illegible] and [illegible] because he [illegible] one. My [illegible] And [illegible] now after the murder, that I have discovered it. I thought so at the time, spoke of it to my husband. It was [illegible]hing he said—he never talked against him—but every time [illegible] Welles-Hewitt, there was a look in his eyes, something in his voice, that was unmistakable. And he tried to pump me. He [illegible]ard the stories—knew about the [illegible] You've heard of that,

[illegible] "Yes, go on."

[illegible] It's only that [illegible]

[illegible]k with a despairing moan. [illegible] believe me. And they [illegible] there have since one now to fasten the crime on—that's all they want. They don't care whether he's the murderer or not."

No, no, you're wrong," Johnson answered. "The District Attorney is working personally on the case [illegible] to arrested. Now I've told [illegible] you. You go to him. Tell him what you have told me—"

"Then you w[illegible]"

"Mrs. [illegible]" protested Lord [illegible]

"Money can do anything," pleaded [illegible]. "And you have so much. Think how often it saves a guilty man. Why shouldn't it be used for the innocent? And pay husband is innocent. You could make them find Brown. You give away thousands and thousands every year to the poor and sick. Surely no one can be in worse need of help than we are now."

She broke down at the end, and beg[illegible]

He rose and stood a moment looking down at her seeking words of comfort for her tears were narrowing [illegible]

"You must be brave," he urged at last. "This Brown will [illegible] [illegible] he which suspects are on [illegible] ones [illegible]. Your husband [illegible] know he is innocent and that should sustain you, as it does him. His vindication is only a question of [illegible]

"Time!" she cried hysterically [illegible] and facing him. "Five, weeks and m[illegible]rs, perhaps. And all that time he [illegible] like a thief and a murderer [illegible]

She started from hi[illegible] stopped, her sense of [illegible] her emotion, her natural dignity asserting itself.

"I beg your pardon," she said, her [illegible] strained. "I had no right to subject you to such a scene. I had no right to ask anything of you—or even to come here. It was very good of you to li—"

SHE stopped abruptly. Her glance, darting about absently as she offered her apologies, had lighted on the portrait over the fireplace.

With the half spoken word her voice ceased and she became utterly still. Her fingers, which she had been nervously interlacing, stiffened as if petrified. How long she stood so neither she nor her companion knew for he, struck by her strange demeanor, stood rigid too, and speechless [illegible] eyed turmoil [illegible] her head.

"Whose pic[illegible]ure [illegible]" she asked in a curious whisper.

"My son's," he answered, wonderingly. "Your son?" She stared incredulous. "What was his [illegible]"

"Carl."

"Carl Johansson?" She seemed to listen to he sound [illegible] John. Oh [illegible]

"What is [illegible]" her. "What's th[illegible]"

She waved him back. "Wait," she commanded. "Wait! Don't speak! Let me think—let me think!"

Motionless again with half closed eyes she stood in thought. Now and then her face changed swiftly, and suddenly, as his face changed swiftly, and suddenly, as his [illegible] not with pride [illegible] but exultation [illegible] from the look she gave [illegible] stunt. There was even a hint of t[illegible] in the erectness of her body, her [illegible] head and in the two red splashes that now stained her cheeks.

"Twenty-one years ago your son was in Monaco going by the name of Charlie [illegible]son."

It was an assertion not a question, involuntarily the man answered:

"He stayed for a while at a boarding-house kept by a Mrs. Grassi. He met an Italian girl there, and married her. Afterward he went to the mountains to [illegible] He never came back—he was killed. Then you sent down [illegible] a letter. Chael—"

"You knew my son?"

surprised at her use of the [illegible]

"Yes." Her glance [illegible] puzzled. "Why didn't he [illegible] you son, say he was your son? Wh[illegible] they tell my mother that?"

"Your mother?"

"Mrs. Grassi—[illegible] her should have th[illegible] he [illegible]," she said [illegible]tantly. "Why [illegible] said [illegible]dignantly [illegible], during while [illegible] vainly to catch her drift. "We [illegible] because known that we were looking for the wife of a rich man's son all sorts of [illegible] would spring up."

"I see. She nodded understandingly. "But they should have told us. That could have done no harm."

[illegible]

"A difference!" he echoed. "What [illegible] could it have made?" The girl [illegible]hild were dead."

"[illegible]" she answered sharply. "That's [illegible]t! The child was not dead."

"What [illegible]"

He fell [illegible] words.

"What do [illegible] I [illegible]

"Yes [illegible]

where she is now."

"Where?" His face had gone white. "Where?" he repeated.

[illegible] her dark eyes soften[illegible]ing at sight of [illegible]

"Mr Johnson, listen [illegible] gently [illegible] weapon into my hand [illegible] going to use it—against yo[illegible] him. I'd like to tell [illegible] I know at once—to prove t[illegible] the child [illegible] with your son's wife was not here—to tell you where her child is. I've known for years, only I did not know until to-night that her father was your son. My mother should have been told. It would have changed everything, I think. But what she did she did for the child's good. I can explain—I can prove everything. And I will—if you will help my husband. Wait." Again she stopped his protest. "I came here to-night to ask you to help us. And you were very kind and courteous, but there was no thing you could do, you said—nothing all your millions could do.

SHE paused, and her dark eyes, feverishly bright now, [illegible]

"If it were your son's case would you do nothing? Would you leave it all to the police, to the District Attorney, as you advised me to do? Would you? Or would you hire detectives to hunt for Brown, to hunt till they found him? That's what I want. Find Brown, clear my husband, give him back to me—then I will give you back your grandd[illegible]ughter."

A silence followed. She had said her say and as for him he stood dumb

ONE of the big women's magazines last year asked its readers to award a prize of $1000 to the author whose stories they had liked better than any others published during the year. Many well known men authors were counting on that thousand and had already picked out the kind of automobile they were going to buy. But the prize went to a woman—Miss Gertrude Brooke Hamilton. A love story by Miss Hamilton in this magazine—next week

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with the sense of his helplessness. She had meant what she said, and would not budge an inch from her position—that he was sure of. She had proposed a bargain—he could accept or refuse. Of course he would accept. He could not doubt her sincerity—her own belief in what she had told him. And if it were true—if she could prove it—

"Very well," he said, ending the long wait. "I accept your terms. We will find Brown."

Then, cutting short her thanks, with businesslike decision he asked:

"Have you told me all you know—about the Welles-Hewitt case, I mean? And Brown?"

"No," she said at once, and went on rapidly to tell him of the message sent to Alba Yeaman by Brown, describing as well as she could the messenger.

"About nineteen, a Southerner, rather short and slim, and has red hair," Johnson repeated. "Anything else?"

They reviewed their facts carefully. On the subject of her husband's relations with the dead man, however, she refused to speak more definitely than she had already done. That was not important, she insisted.

It occurred to Johnson to speak of the old housekeeper, recalling what he had heard of her from Redding.

"The man who found her fainting in an upper hall just after the murder is convinced that she not only saw Brown when he was escaping, but that she recognized him and is now shielding him. If she could be made to talk, perhaps—"

"Made to talk?" she echoed wonderingly.

"Yes," he said. "I understand that she is ill from the shock, and the doctor won't allow her to be questioned."

"Oh, I see—the doctor!" she murmured.

Then, as she seemed to be thinking, Johnson waited silently. Quite suddenly she said, with a tone of authority that surprised him:

"I will have her brought from the convent to my house; then we so ... find out what she knows."

"An excellent idea," he agreed, staring at her a little. "But—will the doctor permit that?"

"Oh, yes—I think so," Blaine answered quietly, though he noticed that she avoided his eyes. "In fact," she added after a moment, "I'm sure of it."

To be continued next week

A $1 Idea

I AM a farmer's daughter, and I live on a farm some twenty miles from a middle-sized Michigan city. As father and the boys are quite busy often, and as mother has rheumatism, I have to make the weekly trips to town to our battered old flivver for such necessities as we run out of.

I was over at a neighbor's one Saturday morning when this woman, Mrs. Thompson, explained: "Goodness me! I have got to go to town to-day, and I have so much work to do, with harvesting going on, that I don't see how I am going to spare the time."

This woman's remark gave me the ideand becoming the community buyer.

I went right home and, getting out the car, went around from farmhouse to farm-house within a radius of five miles. I explained to each prospective client that if they were too busy to go to town I would go and do their buying for them. When I came home I had fifteen commissions. I charged each person 10 cents.

Thereafter nearly every trip I made weekly to the city I was well supplied with commissions. My work nets me from twenty-five to forty dollars extra a year, and I transact all kinds of errands. I am busiest in the busiest seasons on the farm.

I might add that the stores at which I trade give me liberal discounts on my own purchases for the big orders I bring in.

Helen C.

The Label

Continued from page 9

dangerous—just crazy as a loon, that's all."

Miss MacLean did not reply. She continued to gaze at the unmasked one as if she could never take her eyes from him. The white-haired Inspector stood beside her now. The prisoner blinked at his once, then looked elsewhere. After some moments of silence the Inspector gained control of the feelings that plainly stirred him, and demanded explanations.

"Cap, I could tell you a heap more on a full stomach," the constable answered wistfully, with a gamut grin. He did not salute. Again the Inspector mastered an emotion.

"Verra well. Come round to MacLean's. There's dinner on the table."

"Lead me to it!" the constable exclaimed with alacrity. "But I'll have to bring along the little fella. He's starved too, and full of nuts."

"Full of what?"—sharply.

"Nuts. Beans. Bughouse. Crazy as a loon. He don't know enough to feed his own face. What I aim to do with him is get some food in him and then stick him in bed, with some fella that knows something about doctoring—if it's only a hoss doctor—to look into his case. He can be cured—take it from me. He's been blind too, but he sees O. K. now. Some mansize job, believe me, Cap—bringing that little fella into harbor. Guess we've made close on a thousand miles. Caught him near Hudson Bay, up under the Circle."

"What's the offense?"

"Did I hear you whisper dinner?" the uniformed one parried.

"This way."

The Inspector turned off sharply toward MacLean's.

"Come along, pard. Say, I left a perfectly good sled and some huskies about two miles yonder when pard and me beat it for here. Maybe the young lady'd like to go scatter crumbs for the pore doggies."

Ignoring this appeal to her pity, as well as the looks of alarm that accompanied it, Miss MacLean stepped up to the constable and slipped the rope from his hand.

"I'll lead the prisoner in and feed him," she said. "I'm not afraid of lunatics. I love them."

"He follows her in like a pet hoss after sugar—or a wolf after the human meat," his former keeper observed, seeing how the madman leaned down to look into the girl's eyes.

CONSTABLE WILLIAM GOOSE the Second, of Jeep, had dined abundantly and told his story. Under sharp questioning he had repeated portions of the story several times. In the main it was a true tale, even though identities were treated by him as interchangeable commodities. The kernel of it was clear enough to Inspector McNab; likewise to Miss MacLean, who let tears fall from starry eyes while she plied the demented prisoner with dainties.

On one point the constable had been dumb: he would not state the crime of

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which the prisoner was "suspected." With what he felt to be a fine cunning, he explained that evidence for conviction lay on the south side of the border, whence the prisoner had originally come. He must depart immediately—in fact, immediately was hardly soon enough—to procure that evidence. As he told it, it appeared that "evidence" was a mercurial or dream substance that would melt overnight unless he were off, within half an hour, on the fleetest steed in the Inspector's stables.

It was then that Miss MacLean spoke up bravely, though with quivering lips.

"If you please, Inspector, he is to have Eagle Plume." Overcome by her feelings, she fled from the room precipitately.

LATER, when they had left the bones of the feast, the Inspector bade him farewell.

"Well, Constable, ye've a long ride ahead of ye. That's a big country south of the border to hunt for evidence in—or for men. Ay, it takes time, but *there's no man we ever send after that we didn't catch at last.* I've been thinking, if your search takes ye south, ye might have a look at the Texas Rangers. A fine force, that; a service for brave, resourceful men. There's verra few clasps so badly yellow-streaked that the right service can't make men of them."

"Sure. Oh, sure," Utah assented agreeably, not understanding him in the least.

"What's helped set me on thinking of—well, of the Rangers—is this label. 'Twas in the lad's pack. An odd thing. But, like most things in life, ye can get both a laugh and a sermon out of it."

He held it out for Utah's inspection.

"'Pure! Invigorating! Sustaining! Humane!' That's what the service makes o' men. Those four words—alluding here to beans—are any great man's epitaph; all he needs. There's handy taking a suit o' clothes to my quarters, where ye'll put them on; the uniform ye're wearing is not for detective duty. Ye'll need a little money, likely; so here it is. Too bad they'll discount it a bit on the American side. In Canada we don't discount either their money or their manhood. Good-by now—and good luck."

Utah was so bewildered by the success of his strategy and the ensuing extraordinary turn of his fortune that he was speechless. He stumbled down the steps and rushed across to the door where the man and the clothes had disappeared. He embraced to break all records, even Police Post records, for quick dressing; though the discovery of a gold watch in the pocket of the borrowed coat delayed him slightly. In the end, however, delicacy forbade him to mention the trinket. He would have liked to say farewell to his madman; but—

"No; this is too good to last," he mumbled.

He strode at a running pace to the gate, where his mount awaited him, held by a khaki-clad individual. He wanted to be off at a gallop before he woke up. This was not to be. The khaki-clad individual was Constable William Goose the First.

"What in the—!"

"Be quiet. I'm as sane as yerself, Mr. Utah James Jep; but I'm not telling it—not till ye're over the line."

"Pard," Utah interrupted, with a rush of emotion, "come with me. You're wasting yourself with these Simon Pures. Oh, little fella, I'll show you the life! Yeh-eh, boy! If any time you yearn to come back, we'll round up a dozen little old rustlers and scabby in and take the whole kinky-dam country away from this cluster of mavericks."

The khaki-clad one fixed him with steely blue eyes.

"Ye'll do no more rustling nor whisky trading, Mr. Jep. First let me enlighten your ignorance. Inspector McNab is my father; and Prairie Rose has given ye her horse for a reason ye can guess. Not knowing the charge, the Inspector is within the law—technically—in letting ye go. The gold watch with the name of Neil McNab on the case is to remember me by—"

"By hink—!"

"Be quiet," young Neil shut him off. "For now I'm coming to what's important. You've saved my life at double risk to your own. A watch isn't sufficient reward for that. So, Mr. Utah, James Jep, sometime whisky trader, I'm going to save your *soul*. Nay, shut your mouth; I'm not done yet. My father's given ye a hint about the Rangers—which I saw ye never meant to take. But it gave me a hint—and so, ye're going to join the Rangers, Mr. Jep."

"Me?" Utah mocked gaily. "Why, you pore ol' bean, you—"

"Ye're going to join the Rangers and make a decent fighting man of yerself. If ye don't, I'm coming after ye, and I'll never let up till I've got ye, dead or alive. And I'll clap ye in the jail at Regina for ten years. It's liker to be twenty, now I remember some of your history. Selling liquor to Indians, shooting, assault and battery, smuggling, thieving! Why, man dear, ye'd never see the sun again, except through bars!"

Utah opened his mouth twice, but no words came.

"Ye're going to serve your country and save your soul by sweating in a uniform and obeying orders twenty-four hours a day."

Then Utah spoke.

"Have a heart!" he bawled.

"I'll look ye up, mind—and Eagle Plume is an easy horse to trace. Ye wouldn't have a chance. And oh, man dear, it's a grand life—mounted police in a new country with all outdoors to play in! And ye can be as wild as a grizzly bear, when ye've put the law on your side." He studied for a moment the hard, crafty face which he knew could beam like a boy's at a jest; then he struck home. "If ye're thinking your name's against ye—well, I'm not needing the name of William Goose now, and it fits ye fine."

The shaft of humor found the bull's-eye that all moral aims had missed. Utah guffawed until Eagle Plume reared.

"Ranger William Goose! Ho-ho!" He clapped a hand to young Neil's shoulder. "Pard, I'll take you up! The joke's too good."

"Ay, man," grimly; "I'll see ye do. Ye know the motto of the Mounted—'We never fail'? If I found ye when I was crazy in the head and blind, and almost put the bracelets on ye, don't think I'd miss ye, now I've got my senses and my two eyes. While, as a religious man, I'd drive ye to it for your soul's salvation, I'll not deny that I'm paying ye out for bringing me back to Prairie Rose in handcuffs. She'll keep them on me for life, and I'll never be master in my own house. But when she's trampling me down I'll think of ye sweating in harness along the Texas border. It'll be verra comforting." The blue eyes twinkled. "Nay, man dear, I couldn't let ye have a laugh like that on a Scot."

Utah grasped him in a throttling hug. "Pard," he yelled, "the laugh's on us both—for life!"

Constable William Goose the First flung the gate wide, and Eagle Plume sprang through, bearing William Goose the Second en route to Texas.

UTAH JAMES JEP never saw the sun glint through prison bars; but the day came when Ranger William Goose wore stripes—on his arm. What the wilderness wills, that she does unto men—under the white Circle or on the blazing desert line. She perceives, with the eye of a mother, the substance of the man within the waster; and, in her own good time, through the human kinships her storms and her solitudes arouse and make precious—and not forgetting mirth—she affixes her Label.

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Wiping Out $150,000,000

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

BURIED away in the financial pages of the newspapers several weeks ago was a little item that attracted no attention, but that dashed to the ground the last hopes of thousands of investors. Announcement was made by the president of a trust company in New York City that the plan of reorganization of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway had been declared operative. This does not sound especially interesting, but its meaning is that $150,000,000 face value of stock which once had a market value of more than $75,000,000 on the Stock Exchange had been annihilated as cleanly and easily as the pencil marks on a slate are wiped off by a sponge.

"I have 800 shares of the old Rock Island common stock," says a reader of this magazine. "Is there, or will there ever be, any value attached to them? Had I better burn the certificates and get them out of sight?"

This stock was never based on anything but hope, and about thirteen years was required to prove how weak a foundation hope is when that is all a stock rests upon.

Strangely enough, even the most supposedly astute capitalists were taken in. A prominent millionaire in St. Louis who died a few years ago had nearly 9000 shares. The canny Dutch were always large owners, and three years ago forty-two per cent. of all the stock was owned in Europe.

Most curious of all, it is understood that several very wealthy men connected with the enormously successful copper-mining firm of Phelps, Dodge & Company bought $6,000,000 of the stock. Anyway, they had enough of the worthless stuff to elect one of their number chairman of the board of directors, until the company went into receivership and the stock went out of existence. These men were rich enough to charge off several million dollars without feeling it; but there are thousands of small investors who will never recover from their loss.

About fifteen years ago everybody in this country was carried away by the idea that all you had to do to get rich was to merge or consolidate a few companies. So a group of big promoters bought up at fancy prices the stock of the quiet old Rock Island Railway. They exchanged the stock for bonds of a new company known as the Rock Island Railroad, and had this company put out $75,000,000 of stock, and then had that exchanged for $150,000,000 of stock in another new company known as the Rock Island Company. Just remember that the two new companies did not have a cent of property of their own except some office furniture, and did not add anything whatever to the old railway except more than one hundred million dollars in paper.

Nothing whatever was added to the old railway company except a lot of new stock on which the promoters tried hard to pay dividends. This strange scheme was started on July 31, 1902; and, exactly thirteen years later to within one or two days, it went on to the dump heap. It took thirteen years to prove that this triple-decked curiosity was nothing but a bubble. In the meantime the stock was actively bought and sold by all manner of persons in this country and abroad.

A reader of this magazine wants to know how it is possible to avoid stock purchases of this character. All I can say in answer is, stick to realities and don't be carried away by mere hopes.

Don't buy stocks or bonds unless they have some visible relation to realities. Of course, no person with any sense ever supposed that Rock Island Company stock was anything but a speculation. For while people, all the way from multi-millionaires to seamstresses, were dabbling in Rock Island, there were books on the shelves of every big library that pointed out what a hollow thing it was.

Investment mistakes are possible—honest mistakes of judgment. Once in a great while investors are lied to, and conditions misrepresented. There are cases of bad management that no one can foresee. But the great majority of investment losses are due to consciously and wilfully assumed risks. There are very few investors who can not find out when they really want to whether a proposition is sound; but there are legions who take the chance and hope it will turn out all right.

Multimillionaires, having been successful in some other line, foolishly think they can not fail in anything, and are constantly losing their money in rash ventures. Most small investors merely follow the crowd.

Look before you jump next time.

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The Citizens Savings & Trust Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, will furnish to our readers, upon request, Booklet P, which contains some very interesting information on banking by mail.

The *Bache Review*, issued by J. S. Bache & Co., 42 Broadway, New York City, is known throughout the United States and Europe for its sound, unprejudiced opinions of current events. It analyzes underlying causes that affect the whole financial situation, and is regarded by business men as a reliable authority. Sent on application.

John Muir & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, whose main office is at 61 Broadway, New York City, have issued a new circular discussing peace or war. Specific information in the line of war industrial opportunities is also embodied therein. Circular B-33 will be sent on request.

Exceptionally complete annual reports showing the progress made by Standard Gas and Electric Company and Northern States Power Company will be sent to investors by H. M. Byllesby & Company, managers and engineers, 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago, and 1213 Trinity Building, New York.

A new circular, showing how to obtain a dividend every month through the Odd Lot method, has been issued by Hartshorne & Picabia, members of the New York Stock Exchange, 7 Wall Street, New York City. Ask for circular O-14. The firm also offers special inducements in the way of advice to small investors.

The population of Minneapolis is steadily increasing with the development of the Northwest. First Mortgage Bonds on improved real estate in Minneapolis, paying 6 per cent. to the investor, may be obtained from Phelps-Eastman Company, Investment Bankers, McKnight Building, Minneapolis. Send for their descriptive circular "A."

The *Odd Lot Review* presents concisely and in a readable manner financial news and views written tersely and in plain English, such as will interest the average man and which he can understand. Sample copy will be sent on request to 61 Broadway, New York City.

All investors interested in the remarkable progress of public utilities bonds should write to P. W. Brooks & Co., 115 Broadway, New York, for a copy of their magazine, entitled *Bond Talk*, which deals with the fundamental principles of investment and the advantages of public utility bonds. Ask for "Bond Talk" B.

Investors desiring to acquire $100 bonds of the best known issues, and of a class that is legal for investment by Trustees and Savings Banks, should send for the special list U that has been prepared by Merrill, Lynch & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, 7 Wall Street, New York City.

Of special interest to investors is the March Public Utilities Letter, issued by Williams, Troth & Coleman, 60 Wall Street, New York City. This may be secured without charge by writing for Report "JN."

Any one interested in the security market should send to L. B. Latrelle & Co., No. 111 Broadway, New York, for their statistical books on Copper Stocks, Motor Stocks, Standard Oil Stocks, Investor's Guide (270 pages), or Weekly Market Letter. This firm will mail you any one of these books free on request. Partial-Payment Plan.

Information on popular-price issues, $100 bonds and dividend securities, is supplied by Coleman & Betts, 70 Broad Street, New York, in their weekly publication, the *Financial Record*. Copy sent on request. Address Dept. E. W.

Have you read Mr. Atwood's financial booklet, "Making Your Money Work for You"? It is written especially for our readers, and if you will write him, inclosing five cents in stamps, at 61 Madison Avenue, New York, he will send you a copy.

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